



ALMOST AS GOOD AS A BONUS IS A TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE AT CHRISTMAS. THESE CANADIANS, SPENDING THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND, SWAMP THE POST MAN.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has found a brilliant and practical solution to the problem of how to give more aid to Britain without on the one hand over-straining British finances, or on the other carrying the United States openly into the war. Instead of selling us arms, he is going to loan them to us. Both political parties had agreed during the election on increased aid to Britain. The public opinion polls showed a large majority of the people in favor of it. And yet there were great difficulties in the way, of changing laws, fighting noisy isolationist groups, interrupting the whole defence mobilization for a bitter squabble which had been happily avoided at election time. But here is a solution which recognizes that Britain is fighting for American security, lifts the financial barrier and gets the aid to her, and yet does not make the United States a belligerent.

Thus in this expanding world we find the United States in effect subsidizing Britain to fight Hitler, as Britain subsidized Austria and Russia a century and a quarter ago to place large armies in the field against Napoleon. This is a closer comparison than might be thought. For it was coming to be realized in Britain in recent months, and Churchill practically admitted it in his November 5 speech, that Britain could not by herself build up a great sea power, a great air power and a great land power. Now American aid will make possible the equipping of a powerful army, which, as we find Churchill stressing in his speech of December 19, will be ready in 1941.

This offensive attitude and the general war situation seem to argue that the American move is intended rather to allow Britain to take advantage of the opportunities which it now appears certain will arise next year for finishing off the war quickly, rather than as a life-belt to keep her from going under herself. The urgency of recent British appeals seems to be due to a fear of the general ruin which a long-drawn-out war will bring rather than to any fear of being conquered next spring by the foe who, with every advantage, couldn't subdue them last summer. The United States does not want to see Britain ruined and weakened any more than she wants to see her defeated. (What good, for instance, would all our dollars be to her then?) Mr. Roosevelt's latest action is a bold plan for earlier victory.

There is another, and very subtle, point about the method of repayment which the United States has agreed to accept for its aid to Britain. As a result of this method, the

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United States will find itself at the close of the war entitled to receive from Britain an enormous quantity of war supplies and munitions. There is very little danger that in these circumstances the American people will indulge in another of their sentimental orgies and proceed to preach to the world at large the doctrine of universal disarmament, following up the preaching by withdrawing from all practical concern about the affairs of a continent which declines to accept that gospel. In other words, we can this time count upon the United States taking its due share in the task of policing a world in which, while the immediate German menace will have been eliminated, there will still be a great deal to do if order, international justice, confidence and economic activity are to be restored.

Late Aemilius Jarvis

THE death of Aemilius Jarvis does a great deal more than remove a link between the Toronto of the gold-mining era and the very different Toronto of the mid-Victorian period. It also removes one of the chief figures in a case which will possibly be regarded by future

historians as marking an epoch in the politico-economic history of Canada. In a country more addicted than Canada to the free criticism of its own political processes, the story of the Hon. Peter Smith's transactions in British-held Ontario bonds and the subsequent prosecutions of himself, Mr. Jarvis and one or two others would long since have been made the subject of an Upton Sinclair novel or a Veblen treatise. In Canada it remains as one of the country's choicest pieces of unfinished business—and will perhaps remain so for all eternity.

Unfinished, however, in a technical sense only. The common sense of the Canadian community, though not the procedure of the Canadian courts, speedily reversed the verdict which the courts had pronounced upon this transaction, in so far at least as Mr. Jarvis was concerned, and restored him to the full enjoyment of all the social prestige and influence which had belonged to him before he went to jail. Nor was this a mere rallying-round of the "old families" or the old financial groups to the support of one of themselves; for the masses of the people undoubtedly shared the view of Mr. Jarvis's friends, that here was a fine old aristocrat who had been hounded for

political motives. The tragedy was caused by forces much greater than any of the participants in it. Chief among these, we suspect, was the really savage resentment of the old-line politicians of both parties at the sudden irruption into their historic preserves of the new groups thrown up by the economic disturbances of the closing years of the last war and of the peace readjustments. The Drury Government in Ontario collapsed of its own political incompetence and inexperience—as most of us expected the Aberhart Government in Alberta to collapse, but it didn't. But the instant Mr. Drury was out of office the old-line politicians set to work in perfect accord to make it utterly impossible for any members of his group to raise their political heads again; and the Ontario bond transactions provided a very handy weapon. Mr. Jarvis, no particular friend of the Drury regime, happened to be the financier through whom the transactions were carried out. To do a thorough job on the Drury-ites it was deemed necessary to do a job on him.

Public opinion would have welcomed the success of the various efforts which were made in recent years, after the political witch-hunting had died down, to re-open the Jarvis case and give the courts the benefit of much new evidence and a new point of view. But too many powerful interests were involved in the original prosecutions, and the efforts came to nothing.

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The Inflation Threat

IF, AS WE SUGGEST elsewhere, Canadians are taking this war too lightly because their government has given them too little reason to take it seriously, there is one means by which their attitude could be promptly and effectively altered. This is the adoption, as urged by our Financial Editor in last week's issue, of a measure of compulsory saving to replace the present voluntary, inadequate and rather spasmodic purchasing of War Savings Certificates. And we believe that public opinion is more ready to accept such compulsion than the government may imagine. Its adoption would probably meet with the same placid or even mildly enthusiastic tolerance as the recent fiscal measures and the rigorous control of foreign exchange.

Obviously the Government needs more money for the war, and this would be a prac-

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SIGN ON THE SHATTERED, BOARDED-UP WINDOW OF A BOURNEMOUTH STORE



LONDONERS NOW INVITE STRANGERS TO SHARE THEIR CAB. HERE'S ONE WAY



A SELL-OR-WHAT-HAVE-YOU NOTICE ON A HOME IN A SOUTHAMPTON SUBURB

DEAR MR. EDITOR

From The Long, Long Ago

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN GOING through a collection of old photos I came across the enclosed picture which happens to show a copy of your publication as it was at the time when the picture was taken. While I do not know the exact date, I think that the photo was probably taken between thirty-five and forty years ago.

Montreal, Que.

R. H. TALLMAN.

(Editor's note: If our recollection of fashion dates is correct, this picture should be quite a bit further back than 1905; we incline to place it before 1900. If any historically-minded reader can place it with greater certainty we shall be glad to hear about it.)

Ministry of Information

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

PLEASE let me express my appreciation of your editorial about the creation of a separate Ministry of Information, with an able propagandist as Deputy-Minister, and the implication that the latter should be a crack psychologist, as well as an experienced managing editor. The few attempts already made representing this kind of work have an atmosphere both clumsy and feeble. For instance, no more than a couple dozen people in the whole Dominion, I suppose, actually read the innumerable extracts printed around the likeness of Premier Churchill, a likeness which, in an attempt to give the impression of strength, succeeded only in being an outrage on the great man.

(Rev.) G. P. PARSON.
Shelburne, Ont.

National Government

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

POLITICUS' article of December 14 bemoaned the paucity of ability in the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa, also that the C.C.F. would not join a National Government, and because of this a National Government is not possible. Has there been an assurance that neither Mr. Coldwell of the C.C.F. or Mr. Blackmore of the Social Credit would refuse to enter a National Government?

The weakness of the Conservatives is generally admitted, but more able men were defeated at the polls than elected. Moreover there are brilliant executives available who are Conservative in principle, from whom, with Arthur Meighen included, could be gathered a team of five, with the addition of Coldwell and Blackmore, sufficient to form a powerful group in a National Government.

The weaklings of the King cabinet are fairly well known, and they could be readily dropped. Colonel George Drew could be a tower of strength in such an Administration, but his unfortunate and misguided electioneering campaign is not yet forgotten



PORTRAIT OF AN EARLY READER OF THIS WEEKLY, COPY OF WHICH IS BESIDE HER. SEE THE LETTER OF R. H. TALLMAN ON THIS PAGE.

or forgiven. Incidentally, I predict he will be a great power in Ottawa in the next decade.

Politics touches another side, too, when he states that Canada has no Bevins, Morrisons, Alexanders, et al. This is to be regretted. These one-time Opposition leaders were developed in the hard school of experience and served many years in public life; they are not the product of one year, but many.

The Opposition is extremely weak in debating strength, and signs seem to point to the C.C.F., under Mr. Coldwell, who is proving himself to be a man of marked ability, as the party of the future. There are many who believe that National Conservatism is rapidly disintegrating and will soon be in a similar position as is the Liberal Party in England. The last two Federal elections showed conclusively that in eight provinces Conservatism is practically defunct, and even Ontario, proudly boasted of as the "Banner Province," has twice rejected the Conservative policy.

Great Britain, under Chamberlain, clearly demonstrated that National Government was necessary to save the Empire, and that the coalition under the late Premier did not suffice. Very reluctantly Chamberlain recognized his Administration's weakness and he was forced to make way for that dynamic personality Churchill, whom all Opposition leaders had pledged to serve.

Canada must learn again from the Mother Country important lessons in political strategy. Her war effort must be speeded up, and her Government must win the confidence of the people *en masse*, which at present it has not got. Great Britain is behind Churchill to a man.

Premier Mackenzie King has the power to inspire the same confidence by his own leadership and ability

in this great national emergency, and the time has come for him to reveal it. This he can do by pressing into service for a National Government a coterie of Canada's best brains, regardless of where they can be found, and regardless of the political favorites who would be discarded to make room for them. The time for action is NOW.

Toronto, Ont.

R. C. Wood.

Mr. Willkie and Canada

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I CORDIALLY support your suggestion that Mr. Willkie should be invited to visit Canada and make a speech or two to the Canadian people. And I believe that he will accept that invitation if it comes to him. He could hardly do anything more definitively calculated to counteract the fact that since the election a few of his more conspicuous supporters have become prominent in the faction represented by Joseph P. Kennedy, the "America First" Committee and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh the North American isolationist bloc.

How better could Mr. Willkie make his position on this subject plain than by visiting the one nation in the Americas which is actually a belligerent, and expressing his sympathy with the cause for which that nation is fighting?

VINCENT McELIGOTT.
Windsor, Ont.

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PICTURES OF THE WEEK

When a prizefighter has taken more punishment than he can stand, physically and mentally, he is, in the jargon of the sport, "punch drunk", "wacky", or "walking on his heels". Some fighters can stand more pounding than others; some, because they are tops in their profession, never reach the stage of being punch drunk; others quit.

Nations can become punch drunk. Under the incessant, ruthless pounding of a superior enemy a nation can stand up and fight and be battered until its nerve centres no longer react normally and until the body of the country itself can take no more punishment. Then it surrenders. Little Finland was walking on its heels

before the Russian giant rolled over it.

The ability of a nation to absorb punishment and keep coming back is morale. But a nation's morale is more than just the ability to absorb punishment and come back for more; morale is the added will to come back fighting and do it with a smile.

The morale of the English civilian population since the Luftwaffe began its aerial blitzkrieg last September has amazed foreign observers. Here on this page are a few of the quips which have been conceived in the bomb racks of Hitler's warplanes and born among the ruins of Englishmen's homes and businesses. More than anything else they are evidence of the Briton's toughness of spirit.

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(Continued from Page One)

tical step toward providing it. More important than that, it would tend to check, as has been pointed out, the development of an inflationary situation that otherwise could have seriously harmful effects, on the war effort as well as on the national economy apart from war. This inflation threat results from the fact that the vast war spending program has enormously increased the purchasing power of the people, at the same time that the large diversion of productive capacity from normal peacetime to war production is reducing the supply of goods the people can buy.

It is useless, we believe, to expect that the people can be "educated" to doing without these goods voluntarily, since all too many of them have urgent needs, unsatisfied during years of pre-war depression, and only now are acquiring the means of purchasing. If the Government doesn't want these people to bid against each other for the goods available and thus force an inflationary rise in prices, it must reduce the people's purchasing power. It would not be politic to do this solely by increasing taxes, in



BATH NIGHT IN ROME

—By Eric Nasmith.

TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

WE WHO run breathless in the winds' domain,
Still quick with heaven, fevered by the earth;
Who quiver with the Aprils giving birth,
Whose eyes are rich with sunlight, mist and rain;
With mind tree-fragrant, cheeks of apple-bloom,
With heart of salt and sea from fishing-fleet,
With hungry, homesick cry for some dear street,
And ache of love: honor this nameless tomb,
This watching symbol of the sum of those
Who were our eager hostages to fate,
Who kept the faith; eternally alone,
Now wondering with bitterness—who knows?
Whether our lives be worth their lost estate,
Our souls a fair exchange for this cold stone...

LEO COX.

view of the need for vigorous public support of the war program, so the logical step seems to be the launching of a compulsory savings scheme, probably making use of the War Savings machinery already set up.

One certain result would be to make the people—all the people—more conscious of the war and the need for sacrifice, individual as well as collective. It should do more than anything else to make this a personal war for Canadians, in the same way that it is a personal war for each and every citizen of Britain. That would mean increased strength and vigor.

The Year 1941

THERE is reason to suppose that a considerable majority of the Canadian people do not fully realize what a dangerous year that upon which we are now entering is going to be. The people of this continent, Canadians and Americans alike, have the distressing habit of thinking that they can predict the outcome of a war at any stage in its development. A few months ago a great many Americans, and not a few Canadians, were asserting with the utmost confidence that the Germans would inevitably be able to defeat Great Britain in much the same manner as they had defeated France. When the Germans failed to do so after several months of preparation, these same people turned completely around and asserted that the Germans would never be able to defeat the British and therefore must inevitably be defeated themselves. The truth of course is that the war has never at any stage been anything like such a sure thing as these confident prophets assume. And what is going to happen in 1941 is very far from being a sure thing either.

We may believe with fair confidence that the British can defeat the German attack upon their island, if they receive all the help that can possibly be expected from the overseas Do-

minions and from the United States. But we must equally believe that if the help from these sources falls measurably short of the utmost that can be expected, the German invasion of Great Britain may be a success. To make this admission is not defeatism, it is the most practical way to victory; for if we do not make this admission we shall not put forth all the strength that is in us, and if we do not put forth all the strength that is in us we probably shall not obtain, and certainly shall not deserve, a victory.

There is one very grave difficulty about communicating the truth of the events that happen in a war, to people who are living in a state of peace a great distance from that war. It is not wise to reveal the full horror of what the active belligerent is enduring, because neutral friends and less active belligerents are likely to assume that endurance cannot continue, and that so much suffering must be the prelude to defeat. For this reason we have been given much information about the heroic manner in which the British are bearing the aerial attacks of Germany, and very little about the suffering and dislocation which those attacks are causing. There is indeed reason to suppose that the British themselves are not being acquainted with the full extent of their own difficulties, for Lord Beaverbrook's speech of last week declared that the people of the British Isles are much too confident, and are underestimating what lies ahead of them. This is a kind of thing that needs to be said, and Lord Beaverbrook is precisely the person to say it, since everybody believes in the excellence of both his good sense and of his motives.

Canadians, we believe, are taking the war too lightly, partly for the reason that their Government has only recently begun to give them cause to take it seriously. The Exchange Control Board is one of the few government institutions in this country which not only realize that the war is serious but do something about it; and the new restrictions which go into effect on January 1 are likely to do more to awaken Canadians than anything that has yet happened. The main contributions which Canada can make to the war of 1941 are flyers and munitions. In the matter of flyers, we are perhaps doing as well as we possibly can do in view of the fact that our effort only started a year ago, and that a trained flying personnel with the necessary mechanical equipment is not a thing which can be improvised at short notice. On munitions, we must do more, far more, than we are doing, and we must do it without regard to the effect on the country's finances. The British gave up fighting this war on the limited liability system many months ago, the Americans have at long last accepted

a substantial share of the unlimited financial liability attached to it, and we Canadians will have to do the same thing.

Germany must be defeated, even if the process of defeating her leaves the whole of North America nothing but one vast arsenal and training camp. Germany must be defeated, if we all have to live like the Germans in order to defeat her. Germany must be defeated, even if the social structure and economic structure of every country engaged in defeating her has to be radically altered in the process, as Mr. J. B. Priestley predicted last week that they would have to be. Germany must be defeated, and we may as well realize that the year 1941 will have to be practically devoted to the sole purpose of defeating her.

Late Hon. Gordon Scott

AT THE time when we went to press last week the fate of the Canadian mission to Great Britain headed by the Hon. Mr. Howe was still uncertain, and comment upon it was impossible. Today we know that Mr. Howe himself and all but one of his party are safe and sound after some very harrowing experiences; and Canadians of every shade of political opinion must have experienced a sense of heartfelt gratitude at the knowledge that the country's war effort is not to be deprived of the services of a minister of such energy and business capabilities.

But satisfaction over this good news was greatly damped by the announcement that the Hon. Gordon Scott, a former Provincial Treasurer of Quebec with an excellent record for honest and capable public service, was a victim of the enemy attack. Mr. Scott's sense of public duty was exceedingly strong. There was little to attract a man of great financial ability into the sphere of Quebec provincial politics when he consented to place his services at the disposal of the Taschereau Administration twelve years ago. There was nothing but hard work and danger, and the sense of performing a public service, to attract him to the position of financial adviser to the Department of Munitions and Supply in the present war. Mr. Scott never sought popularity, and would have been just as happy if it had not been necessary to get himself elected to the Legislature in order to be Provincial Treasurer. Nor was the power which comes with high office any lure to him, for he never dreamed of using it in any other way than for the public good. His death removes one who could hardly be described as a politician, and yet who must rank among the best of our politicians, in that he became a politician for no other reason than the desire to serve his country.

"Never in the history of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."—Winston Churchill, of Britain's air defenders.

You too can help by buying War Savings Certificates regularly.

THE PASSING SHOW

THE Australian pilot who successfully landed two planes which had locked together in mid-air simply refused to admit the gravity of the situation.

BELLIGERENT BALLAD

The British planes cause Musso pains,
Upset him with their scourging;
His subs thereby are blown sky-high,
His planes are all submerging.

—R.L.E.

Seasonal occupations are odd affairs. The sunburned Apollo who will be sitting on the platform guarding the swimming beach next summer is probably the Santa Claus who drew little Mary on to his knee last week and pretended to take note of her request for a Spitfire aeroplane.

All right, let's shove up the cost of living so we can get higher wages.

The United States has often been accused of "back-seat driving" in regard to the affairs of Europe. But anyhow the back-seat driver is now buying the gas.

Why all this speculation as to whether the Germans are aiding or invading Italy? The results are the same.

Mr. Hepburn has been leading the Ontario Liberal party for ten years. Quite so, but where to?

Something is going wrong with the Hitler technique. He has not yet held a plebiscite in France.

The visible supply of wheat in Canada is at an all-time high. We hope it is visible to the Germans.

Germany, according to Goebbels, has more butter than last year. But they didn't have any butter last year, having traded it in for guns.

NOT-SO-GRAND OPERA

Count Ciano
Is singing very *piano*
And Countess Edda
Is not doing much bedda.

Mail to the Free French goes cheap. But it is not true that mail to the other kind of French goes free.

After reading a great deal about the I Am Movement in Los Angeles we have decided that if we lived in Los Angeles we should certainly start an I Am Not Movement.

Workmen engaged in removing ancient ice from Toronto's streets are discovering that in some places there is asphalt underneath it. It is believed to be the remains of an extinct civilization.

Our theory is that Hitler got Laval thrown out just to make the French think that they are back in the good old times when governments fell two or three times a week.

The man whom Marshal Petain supports may be a good man, but the man whom Herr Abetz abets is a better.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

The soul of Hitler
Could hardly be littler;
But that of Mussolini
Is teeny-weeny.

A good deal of interest is being taken in the fact that Adolph Hitler appears in the latest edition of the British Who's Who; even more interest is caused by an effort to keep him out of the next.

Throughout the Albanian campaign classical scholars have been agog to hear what really does happen when Greek meets Greek.

Herr Hitler has promised to stop this column if he wins the war. If you like it, please buy an extra War Savings Stamp or two to prevent him from doing so.

Flandin and Laval Unite in Hatred of Britain

BY JACK ANDERS

IN JANUARY 1935 M. Laval visited the Pope. A day or so after having seen him he convened the French journalists in Rome and complained to them: "With your usual malice you have written that I addressed the Pope as Mr. Pope, as if I didn't know that one must call him Holy See."

M. Laval is ignorant. But he is sly, very sly; as things are looking now, too sly.

M. Flandin is not ignorant. He is not very sly either. But he is fairly

clever. Like M. Laval he is a lawyer. Unlike M. Laval, whose father was a village butcher, M. Flandin comes from a wealthy family; a family that is connected with some of the big-wigs of the French heavy industry.

Everything that M. Laval knows and there are great gaps in his knowledge he has taught himself. M. Flandin enjoyed a good education.

It is perhaps the intimacy of relationship which has made M. Flandin look upon and treat with coolness

the interests of the famous two hundred families who have to bear an enormous share of the responsibility for what has happened in France.

It is perhaps the mentality and psychology of the parvenu which, throughout a great part of his career, made M. Laval cringe before the two hundred, and do all he could do in their interest; until quite recently he decided that he could do without them, and—as seems to become more obvious every day—agreed or even asked that Hitler annex Lorraine, the stronghold of the two hundred.

M. Flandin was born in 1889, six years after M. Laval. He measures six feet four, and is called the Sky-scraper. Both men entered the Chamber of Deputies after the elections of 1914. M. Flandin was a Centre man, and M. Laval a revolutionary socialist.

M. Flandin's first office was that of Minister of Commerce in the Marsal Cabinet in 1924. In 1929 M. Tardieu gave him the same post, and it was then that M. Flandin made his debut in the international scene. It was rather significant.

Mr. William Graham, President of the (British) Board of Trade, proposed at the meeting of the League

only if countries had the right to impose new tariffs when and where it was absolutely unavoidable. Of course, nothing at all was the outcome; or at least, an imposing Convention and a Protocol which were as good as nothing at all. The significant point is that, apart from Belgium, Germany was the only supporter of M. Flandin's counter-proposal.

No Respect for Interests

The next time M. Flandin appeared on the international scene, he crossed swords with Mr. Baldwin in a manner which shows that M. Flandin is no respecter of vested interests. Some time after the German banking collapse in the summer of 1931, Mr. Baldwin declared in the Commons that British and other private lenders had invested huge funds in German industrial and public securities; that this investment had enabled Germany to pay reparations; and that therefore the safety of "these obligations must not be endangered by political debts."

M. Flandin, then Finance Minister of Premier Laval, strongly protested against this attitude, declaring that the over-lending of money to Germany enabled her to use blackmail against the creditors by saying that she could pay one thing only: reparations or private debts. It was the private lenders who had put Germany in that position, and therefore the private lenders, and not the reparations claims, must suffer first.

M. Flandin's antagonism to financial interests manifested itself still more openly, together with his pro-German feeling, on the occasion of the customs union between Germany and Austria which was concluded in March 1931. The union was dropped chiefly on account of violent French and Czech opposition. Many big words were spoken then about the danger to world peace, and the customs union was regarded as the forerunner of Anschluss. But there were other dangers, not so openly proclaimed. For instance, Austria has large iron ore deposits, but she had not the capital to develop them. Under a customs union Germany would have provided the capital, and that would have been a blow to certain French interests, because Germany imported large quantities of iron ore from France.

As a sop for being prevented from having a customs union with Germany, Austria was given an international loan of 300 million francs. During the ratification debate in the French Chamber M. Flandin, who held no office then, declared that he would not agree to buying the liberty

of the Austrian people for 300 million francs. In other words, he had no objections to the customs union, and presumably not to the Anschluss either.

Strangely enough M. Flandin drifted at that time more and more to the Left in opposition to the attempts of M. Tardieu and M. Doumergue to overthrow the Republic and set up Fascism.

In November 1934, after the fall of Doumergue, M. Flandin became Prime Minister, and M. Laval his Foreign Minister. M. Flandin declared he would not allow himself to be caught between the millstones of deflation and devaluation, and that he would pursue a policy of cheap money. He sacked M. Moret, Governor of the Banque de France, and thereafter kept himself in office exactly as long as it took the two hundred families, that is the two hundred largest shareholders of the Banque, to break in M. Tannery, the new Governor.

The Banque, like most orthodox financial interests to this day, saw salvation in deflation, or to speak less technically and more plainly, in the creation of scarcity. When M. Tannery had found his bearings, he declared that he would not discount M. Flandin's bills. On the last day of his premiership M. Flandin recanted, and moved drastic economy measures.

M. Laval became his successor and retained the Foreign Office that he had held under M. Flandin and Doumergue. He immediately bowed to the Banque and inaugurated a policy of senseless deflation. Above all, he cut the extraordinary budget, which included defence expenditure, down to six billion francs, at that time about three hundred million dollars, when Germany spent probably not much less than ten thousand million dollars annually on armaments. The two most influential men in the Regency of the Banque were M. de Wendel, the king of France's heavy industry and an anti-Semite, and Baron de Rothschild, a Jew.

The personal enmity of M. Flandin and M. Laval dates back to that time. Today their positions may be defined as follows. M. Laval is an internal Fascist: he wants Fascism in France perhaps as an end in itself, perhaps as the means to an end that no one can see. The only thing one can see is that the end is shady, because M. Laval knows only shady ends. M. Flandin is an external Fascist: he likes Fascism in Germany; not so much in France. But both men are dominated by one feeling: violent hatred of Britain and the fervent wish to see her lose the war.



Helmets replace mortar boards



Varsity men put the shot . . .



. . . and train for relay races just as they did in peacetime



Fire drill has become an important part of the curriculum . . .



. . . and these Emmanuel College students rehearse energetically for an event which they hope will never occur

An Ancient English University in Peacetime



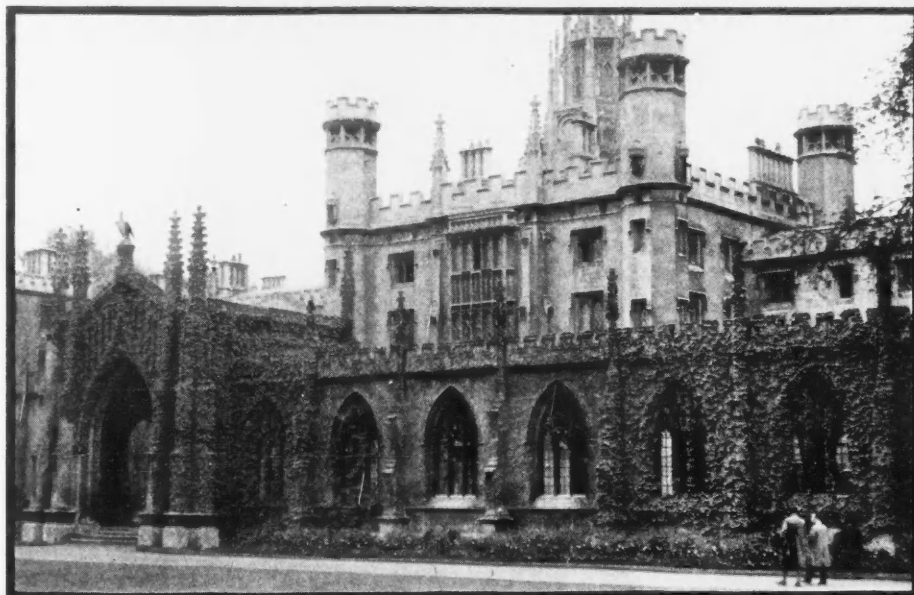
St. John's College with "The Bridge of Sighs" at the right



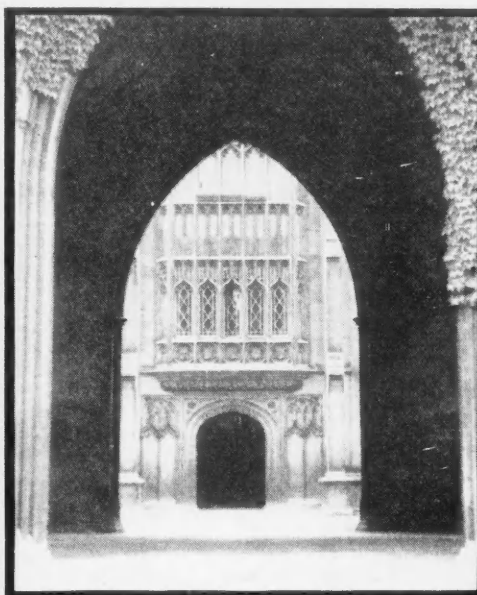
Looking towards Silver Street



Wisteria in bloom. It was planted by King Henry the Eighth



St. John's College. It was founded by Lady May Beaufort in 1511



Entrance to St. John's dining hall



Clare Hall, founded University Hall in 1326, was renamed in 1336

CAMBRIDGE is one of the great universities of the world. But even in England it is not the oldest. For while Cambridge had a chancellor, recognized by the king and Pope as early as 1226, it was not until 1318 that a bill founding the university was obtained from Pope John XXII. Its great traditional "light blue" rival, Oxford, was regarded as a fully-equipped college in 1163.

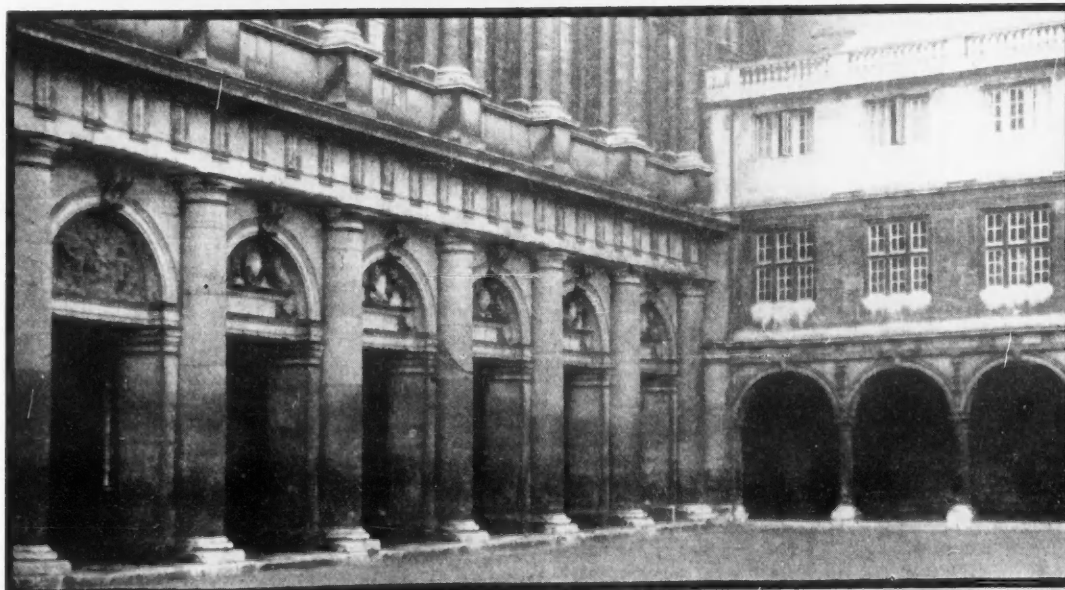
In World War I, 16,000 members of the university were engaged on active service, and their contribution extended over the entire range of the activities provoked by the war over the whole British Empire.

At the conclusion of the war, the historic traditions of the university in social life and in teaching were resumed where they had been left off. In 1923, women were admitted to degrees but not to full membership of the body academic.

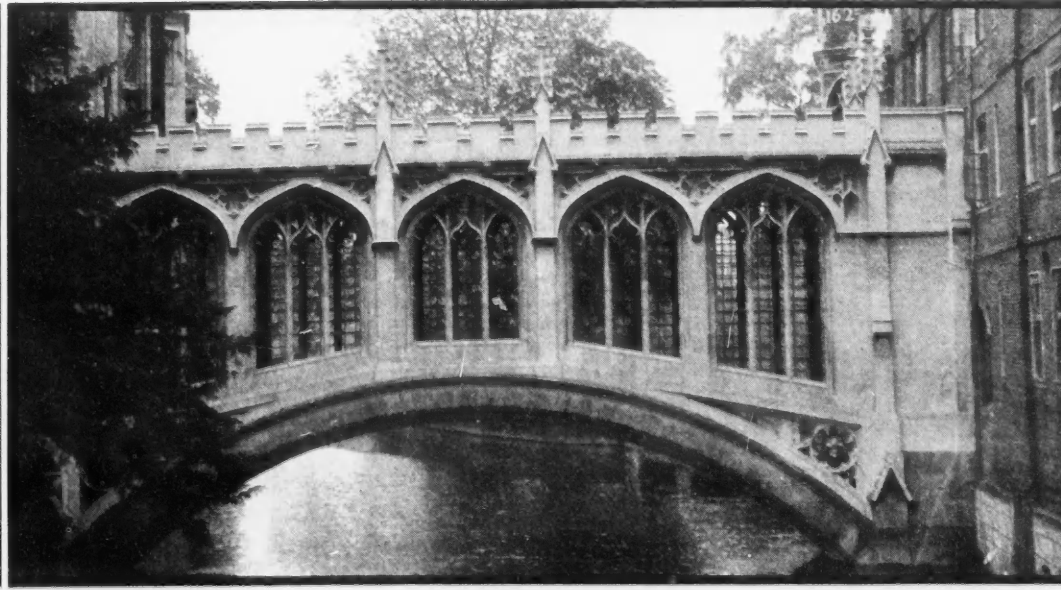
The pictures on this page were taken by "Jay" in 1936. To wearers of the "dark blue", they will awaken many memories.



The Backs and the twisting, tranquil, Cam River



Trinity College's cloister court. Founded in 1350, Trinity is the fourth oldest college.



View of "The Bridge of Sighs." There are two women's colleges: Girton and Newnham

The Danube—Vital But Vulnerable German Artery

BY SYDNEY HAMPDEN

CUT off since the outbreak of war from all overseas trade Germany has depended to an ever-increasing extent on the Danube for the provisioning of her people and her war economy. Traffic capacity has been strained to the utmost as her hold on Balkan production has tightened.

It is not easy to give figures of the total trade borne by the Danube as there is so much short-distance traffic; but the magnitude of the long-distance traffic is indicated by the tonnage of vessels passing through the bottle-neck of the Iron Gate, where the river cuts its way through the mountains and then expands again in the Rumanian plain. Through the canal built there to make passage for traffic possible about 2 million tons of ship-

ping pass annually.

This traffic is fed by road, rail and water communications, and by pipe lines. The main cargoes upstream are grains, bauxite and oil. The down-stream traffic consists mainly of manufactured and semi-manufactured goods and a certain amount of coal.

The Danube is an important waterway to all the countries which border its banks, but it is especially important to Rumania, where it serves maritime as well as inland ports. Under war conditions it is not only important but vital to Germany.

Since the Germans have increased their control in the Balkans they have developed to an enormous extent traffic facilities. Ports have been modernized and greatly enlarged. A canal is being rapidly com-

Importance to Germany of the River Danube, always a great highway of commerce for Central and South-Eastern Europe, has been enormously increased by Britain's blockade of the sea.

Mr. Hampden says that any serious blow dealt by the Royal Air Force at key points on the Danube might well have catastrophic effects on German economy.

pleted which will connect the Danube with the Black Sea port of Constanza, thus avoiding the long passage through the Delta for sea-borne traffic. Germany has also under way great schemes for linking the Danube waterway with the waterway systems of the Elbe and Oder, thus bringing Black Sea ports

into direct water connection with central and eastern German industrial centres.

Any serious blow dealt by the R.A.F. at key points on the Danube might well have catastrophic results on German economy.

Below the Iron Gate Germany can use 1,000-ton barges. Above this

breach it is only possible to use barges up to 650 tons. To date there has been a great shortage of barges and especially tankers to deal with the increased pressure in wartime. At the outbreak of war Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia owned 2,341 vessels of 1,323,000 metric tons capacity out of a total of about 3,500 vessels of 2 million tons capacity on the river. The number of round trips possible between Regensburg, the German river terminus and Braila, the terminus in Rumania, is about four.

The importance of Danube traffic to all the adjoining States has long been recognized and there has been established an International Danube Commission. This body's powers, however, at the present time have been entirely over-ridden by German orders. Another serious change in the Danubian situation took place when Russia annexed Bessarabia which gave the U.S.S.R. a river frontage on the largest mouth of the river.

Shortly after this event took place Rumania joined up with the Axis Front. The U.S.S.R. then insisted on being represented, as a riparian power, at the International Commission whose powers by now had practically disappeared.

During the last few months Germany has been extending her grip on Hungary and Rumania. Both countries have, in fact, not the slightest freedom of action; they are simply satellites of the Nazis. On the Lower Danube there has been a virtual suspension of Rumanian sovereignty. Germany now can increase the supplies of oil available for the Reich by compelling the Rumanians to limit, or even stop, their exports to other countries, and by enforcing strict limitations of oil consumption in Rumania itself; she can seize all the available tanker tonnage on the river and use it to convey oil to Germany, together with railway tank rolling-stock, and she can refuel aeroplanes on the spot, and use Rumanian aerodromes for possible action in the Middle East.

Uncertainties

In this apparently pleasing prospect for Germany there are, however, various uncertainties. One of these is the attitude of the U.S.S.R., now established on the northern shore of the Killa mouth of the Danube; and of Turkey, who has no desire to see German control established in the Danube Delta on the Black Sea. Another is the limited amount of tanker tonnage on hand, about which there is no exact information. A great deal of British tonnage on the Danube was removed some time back to Istanbul with a view to the present situation developing. Again it is not known what progress the Germans have made with building new tankers or converting old barges for the purpose. A third is the possibility, more than likely at the present time, that Great Britain may acquire new bases in the Levant, Greece and the Aegean Sea from which air action would be feasible.

On the basis of such information as is available regarding supplies of oil obtained by Germany from Rumania it is calculated that half of the 201,000 tanker tonnage (dead weight) on the Danube available at the time of the outbreak of war was under enemy control. If no part of the other half has escaped German control, about 1½ million tons of oil a year could be transported to Germany by river and a small amount by train. It has also been calculated that Germany could make good some part of her serious deficiency in diesel oil and lubricants by concentrating on transport for these products of which normal total Rumanian exports in the past to all destinations have been 700,000 tons a year for diesel oil, and 40,000 tons for lubricants.

If we can interfere or paralyze these supplies we should be able to do more to bring the war to an earlier close than by almost any other method.

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"Hemispheric Defence" is Hemispheric Hysteria

BY H. F. NICHOLSON

EVEN before the unfinished Great War recommenced in September, 1939, the isolationists in North America were busily engaged in demonstrating that the only safety from American involvement in European quarrels lay in confining Americans and American activities to America.

To the isolationists of the United States this had a fine rounded sound, and carried with it an idea of United States suzerainty over the New World. To isolationists in Canada there was a different implication. These consisted chiefly of well meaning "pink" believers in the League of Nations and collective security, who had progressed from the phase in which they were arguing that Germany was a nation of kindly people oppressed by the wicked British and French at Versailles, through the phase of disarmament, the period of adoration of Soviet Russia, the stage in which they demanded that Britain—disarmed in accordance with their ideas—should fight Japan over Manchukuo, and Italy over Ethiopia, to the great days when they felt that Mr. Chamberlain, without an army or air force behind him, should have stopped Herr Hitler at Godesberg and Munich. They mocked Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella, but it was the only weapon they had left him.

These Canadian isolationists could see one thing and one thing only: They were annoyed at Mr. Chamberlain, so we must leave the British Empire and go to Lima to join the other American nations in segregating the New World from the Old.

The hemispheric theory broke down when it became clear that nations at desperate war were not particularly likely to listen to arguments from nations who were safely at peace, and the famous "neutrality zone" proved a delusion and a snare.

The question came up again when the United States, deeply alarmed over what seemed to be the imminent fall of Britain, summoned the Havana Conference, but this phase lasted but a short time. Despite many assertions to the contrary, Ogdensburg did not complete the work of Havana. It merely reversed it. It was an announcement that the United States was ready to engage in a mutual defence pact with one of the nations actually at war, and was as realistic as Havana had been unrealistic.

Despite this termination of the very absurd attempt to pretend that the realities of history and geography did not exist, hemispheric hysteria continues to show itself occasionally, and, at present, Canada, all of whose interests overseas lie in Europe, or else in the Orient, is now contemplating the establishment of a chain of legations at South American capitals, while the Minister of Trade and Commerce, who has the difficult task of finding a mar-

ket for Canadian wheat, is apparently seeking it in the only part of the world which is a serious competitor with Canada for wheat markets.

It is time that we gave a little realistic thought to this hemispheric theory, and it might be examined, very briefly, under the heads of cultural sympathies, political ties, economic considerations and military realities.

South America has no economic or military value to North America in any way comparable to the economic and military value of Britain and Australasia.

The idea that it has, Mr. Nicholson says, is an excuse for the isolationists of the United States to explain why they believe that Americans should turn their backs on Europe.

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Hemispheric Theory

Examination should start by considering geography. After all, not even the highest sentiment will alter the shape of the globe, or the distribution of land areas upon its surface.

It might be noted that the Azores Islands, which are admittedly a part of Europe, a constituent portion of a European state, and a very important potential naval and air base, lie at about 25° 40' west of Greenwich. Cape Branco, in Brazil, is in Longitude 34° 55' west. That is, one place in South America is less than 600 miles west of one place in Europe. The sub-continent of Greenland belongs neither to Europe nor to America, but it is—when the Germans are not at Copenhagen—a Danish possession, and one of a chain which includes the Faroes and Iceland. It is certainly far more a part of Europe than of America. Its important settlements lie west of much of South America and due north of Newfoundland.

The distance from Saint John, N.B., to the most northerly ports of South America, is slightly less than from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Ireland. The sea distance from the most southerly extremity of the continental United States to the first really important Atlantic port of South America—Rio de Janeiro—is about the same as the distance from New York to Paris. The distance from San Diego, California, to Valparaiso in Chile is only slightly less than the distance from Victoria, B.C. to Yokohama. That is the way that the Lord made the world.

Culturally speaking, the ties be-

tween North and South America are much less than those between North America and Europe, and South America and Europe. North Americans speak English and French, and look to London as the home of a kindred culture. South Americans speak Spanish, and look to the continent of Europe as their spiritual and intellectual home.

Politically, South America exhibits a very striking division of opinion, as the occasional reports which filter through will indicate. "Indianismo"—the theory that the Spanish Conquest should be forgotten, and that South America should pay first attention to the fact that most of its people are American Indians by race, is a very real factor in South American politics. The devotees of this cult are anti-North American and anti-European. The pro-European elements are very important, and lay stress on the opportunities of South America to obtain useful alliances in Europe. The South Americans who favor closer relations in North America in political matters are usually ready to admit that all that they mean by this is that they would like the United States to protect them from European aggression, but no more than a mere handful of them give anything more than lip service to Pan-American political ideals.

Trade Is With Europe

Economically, the situation is the same. Some few economic nationalists in South America are anxious to have the country progress industrially, and to create an urban economy on that continent, which can exploit the agricultural and other natural resources of South America. Others draw attention to the fact that South America is chiefly interested in the production of raw materials, and that North America is no more important as a market for these than are the British Isles and the Continent of Europe. Indeed, they point out that, in some respects, as in connection with the export of wheat and meat from the Argentine Republic, North America is not only unwilling to accept South American products, but actually offers competition to them in European markets.

The trade of South America is normally with Europe not with North America.

From the military standpoint the identity of interest in withstanding European aggression is very clear, and only a minority of South Americans would prefer to take the risk of saying to North America that the Southern continent will take its chance against Germany, or Japan, rather than accept the possibility of military domination from the North. There are such people, of course. The Minister of Defence of the Chilean Government recently stated, in unmistakable terms, that his country did not propose to provide the United States with any naval bases; but he may not hold office very long. He does represent the views of a comparatively large number of South Americans.

On the other hand, the military situation is not one which is capable of being dealt with purely along the lines of hopeful thinking. The facts of the case are, of course, that any defence of the Americas would have to be an enterprise chiefly conducted by the North American nations. It would

have to be a plan which would regard South America as a North American protectorate. The economic situation of the great majority of the South American states indicates that this is the case. Internal political relations on that continent make it fairly certain that co-operative action between the South American states is only possible, in a military sense, if this be under the leadership of North America. The South American states are not economically adapted for modern military adventures on an important scale, and the people of South America while far from being cowards are not socially organized in a way which would offer any hope of the rapid organization there of really useful modern armies. They are as poorly adapted for this as the people of Italy—and we know how good their adaptation is.

Command of the Seas

The protection of South America against aggression from abroad depends, in short, on the ability of the North American nations to maintain command of the seas. I deliberately omit the current phrase concerning mastery of the air, for the very obvious reason that the current period of hostilities has demonstrated, as clearly as can be demonstrated, that air power is not capable of being exercised effectively over such distances as separate South America from Europe, or even from Africa, and certainly not over the Pacific Ocean—except to the extent that air power is co-ordinated with sea power. That is, air attacks on South America would necessarily have to take place from the decks of aircraft carriers if they were to be at all effective, and would have to be followed by the landing of troops, which would have to be executed from ships. Mr. H. G. Wells gets a great deal of glory at present for his wild dreams of long distance invasions carried out by air, but the realities of war have indicated that his dreams had no foundation.

The fact is that the only possible method of protecting South America from invasion is to stop the invasion at sea, and seapower has its limitations. It must be exercised from shore bases, equipped to support the operations of large fleets. It is to be presumed that any North American strategy, in a major attack on South America from Europe, would concentrate on endeavoring to stop the attack in the narrow waters which lie between the westerly projection of Africa and the eastern out-thrust of South America. For this reason, the United States has obtained naval bases in the British West Indies.

From the Pacific, United States naval strategy would almost certainly be to attempt to intercept an attack by a fleet based on Hawaii.

Why Not Bases in Ireland?

Now the only two powers which seem at all likely to be able even to dream of naval attacks on South America, are Germany and Japan. The prevention of a German attack on South America at the present moment depends on the outcome of hostilities between Britain and Germany, and the employment of the United States naval bases in the British West Indies against a German attack on South America, can only become a realistic military question if Britain is defeated in the North Atlantic. That is, the vital bases to United States naval protection of South America are, at present, the ports of the British Isles and Halifax. Actually, the safest step which the United States Government can now take for the naval protection of South America from a German attack, would be to obtain naval bases on the West Coast of Ireland. Those, added to the new base in Newfoundland, would give the United States a naval position far superior to that which can be obtained by developing the bases in the British West Indies. As has been pointed out, geography makes it possible for the United States to support bases in Ireland just as easily as the new bases at St. Lucia and Antigua.

In the event of a Japanese attempt to invade South America, the Hawaii



This is 16-year-old Buster Kane, a greengrocer's boy by day. By night he's a Cockney Sir Galahad, has been doing such heroic work in bombed areas he may get the George Medal.

naval base is ideally located. Assuming that Britain still stands, and can co-operate with the United States, then the possession of Singapore offers the United States a base on the flank of Japanese attack. If Britain should fall, then the obvious course of the United States would be to attempt to preserve the existence of Australia, and, with Australia or alone, to take possession of Singapore. A naval base at Sydney or Singapore would be far more useful to the United States as a complement to Hawaii than would any number of naval bases on the Pacific Coast of South America—without back of them any industrial development to support them.

That is, from the military standpoint, South America brings nothing to her own defence. If, as is obviously necessary, North America is to undertake the task of defending South America, then the correct method of accomplishing this will be definitely not along "hemispheric" lines. It will be by the United States extending her sphere of naval operations, and establishing naval bases in the other hemisphere, in both directions.

It is time to put an end to all the hemispheric hysteria. South America happens to be connected with North America by the Isthmus of Panama. It has no economic or military value for North America in any way comparable to the economic and military value of Britain and Australasia. It is actually farther from North America than Europe, and no closer than Japan. The idea that it has special value to the United States is, as far as the United States is concerned, partly the product of vague imperialist ambitions, and partly an excuse for the isolationists of the United States to explain why they believe that Americans should turn their backs on Europe. In Canada it is the result of about as feeble and illogical a process of thought as it is possible to imagine.

The "hemispheric" mode of thought must have originated in the mind of someone who was totally without mathematical instincts, and who, by early acquaintance with maps which always show a picture of the world with the North Pole at the top, has come to the conclusion that there is some natural division of the world on longitudinal lines. The best answer to the whole theory is to inquire if it is any more important to conceive of the world as divided into Eastern and Western hemispheres than into Northern and Southern hemispheres. The fact is that the world is a whole, and no amount of ingenious dodging of realities will alter that fact.



When a Nazi fighter plane was shot down over Maidstone, England, in a bombing raid, the pilot was close to being mobbed by East Enders many of whom lost homes in the sortie. He was rushed away by car.

THE HITLER WAR

Four Men - - and the Fate of France

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

The British had smashed his deal with Mussolini and he had been out of power for five years in consequence. But had he not been right about keeping Mussolini away from Hitler? Had he not been right in lining up Soviet Russia against Germany? Had he not been right in arguing against going to war alongside Britain, and in agitating in secret sessions of the Senate to have it called off? Had he not always been right? So it seemed to the shell-shocked Bordeaux Cabinet; Laval was the man to negotiate them the best terms. As the *New York Times* Vichy correspondent Archambault says, he began to think that he was the greatest, and in fact the only, negotiator in France.

But the Germans didn't show any of the friendship or solicitude for him at first which they evidenced last week when he was kicked out of the Vichy Government and locked up. On the contrary: when he went to Paris in July and again in August to make contact with the Nazis, Abetz wouldn't see him. The loss of the Battle of Britain, however, worked one of those wonderful transformations in the German attitude and made them more willing to talk. Finding Laval ready to grant them everything they wanted and even join in the war against Britain, they got on famously. The deal which they worked out under the slogan of "collaboration" (who ever heard of Germany "collaborating" with her victims?), as far as I can piece it together from the best sources available, was about as follows: Laval was to get personal power, France was to get back her prisoners and be assured of a mar-

strenuous session the Vichy Cabinet rejected these terms, and someone saw that they were disclosed to the world through Switzerland. Read in this light, Pétain's broadcast is very revealing. He accepted collaboration "in principle," which could mean all or nothing, made Laval Foreign Minister, and allowed the negotiations to continue. He was playing for time.

But Laval, too, improved on his time. As Vice-Premier and successor-designate to Pétain he gradually gathered in powers over all organs of public opinion, the press, radio, films, censorship of foreign despatches. His communiqués began to refer to the Pétain-Laval Government, and finally to Laval as "President of the Council," or Premier, intimating that Pétain as Chief of State was only a figurehead like the former Presidents of the Republic. What's more, he seems to have plotted with the Germans to make Pétain a figurehead, or remove him altogether, and take over the actual power himself. For, as Foreign Minister and negotiator Laval could deal with the Nazis without anyone to check on him. Pétain has now divided up these functions so that the negotiator will have to refer back to the Foreign Minister, and the Foreign Minister to the Chief of State.

The L'Aiglon Mystery

There is a good deal that is not yet known about the Hitler-Laval Deal, but it looks as though the transference of the ashes of Napoleon's son, L'Aiglon, to Paris was to have brought Pétain and Hitler together there in a "gesture of Franco-German reconciliation," and provided the opportunity for a *coup d'état* which would have left Laval in possession of the real power. On Thursday it was announced in Vienna that the ashes had been disinterred and sent to Paris. On Friday Berlin reported mysteriously that Hitler and Ribbentrop had left the capital for a "long weekend," while Laval went to Vichy to broach the plan to the Cabinet and urge Pétain to participate. According to "authorized details" transmitted from Berne by Daniel Brigham, "in the course of the Cabinet discussion Peyrouton, Minister of the Interior and head of the new Groupe de Protection, or French Guards, asked for specific guarantees for the Marshal's personal liberty. In a heated retort some of Laval's plans apparently became visible . . . and when the Marshal himself asked for a specific statement . . . Laval threatened him with physical violence . . . whereupon he was led away." It seems significant that the bodyguard had been formed, and was on hand for the occasion.

Pétain, it is said, telegraphed Hitler that he was not coming, on which the Fuehrer held up in Berchtesgaden for the weekend in a white fury, and the ashes of the pathetic little King of Rome were buried alongside his father's in the middle of the night by Abetz and Darlan. Judging from past performances what Hitler probably intended to do was to get Pétain to Paris and browbeat him as he did Schuschnigg in Berchtesgaden and Hacha in Berlin into surrendering the executive power to Laval, alternately promising all sorts of ameliorations for the French prisoners and a quicker end to the war, and pledging "eternal" Franco-German friendship in the New Order. The idea behind the L'Aiglon Affair was, of course, to celebrate the centenary of the removal of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena to Paris and to emphasize that his enemy and France's had always been England. But the whole idea was rather feeble and the clumsiness with which it was carried out makes one think it must have been cooked up in a hurry perhaps after the beginning of the British offensive in Libya and the crisis in Italy. The assumption is that Hitler was suddenly concerned to

find a counter-balance in the Mediterranean which would make up for Italy's failure and keep the British tied down there for a few months more while he pursued his submarine and air attacks and prepared whatever he has in store for next Spring.

Weygand No Pro-German

But how did Hitler hope to circumvent General Weygand and get control of bases in North Africa? The Germans had demanded Weygand's removal from the War Ministry because he was too active in re-organizing the 100,000-man armistice army which France was allowed to retain, and in reminding his officers that though Britain had at different times opposed France, there had never yet been an occasion when Germany had befriended her. Weygand's appointment as High Commissioner for Vichy over French Africa was apparently held up by German suspicion for some time, and only agreed to hastily when the de Gaulle expedition to Dakar loomed up. Hitler has witnessed Weygand's bitter opposition to de Gaulle in June, when the latter flew to Syria and Morocco to dissuade Mittelhauser and Nogués from fighting on with Free France.

Weygand is a tense little man. He is well-known as a monarchist and has been described as a "fanatic" Catholic. Decidedly less liberal than his chief, he is quite as insistent a stickler for honor. I am convinced that Pétain and Weygand are working in the closest harmony. I believe that they schemed between the two of them, when they saw what happened to the *Luftwaffe* over Britain in August, that Weygand should go over to Africa and stay there, holding the colonies together with his energy and his great prestige, and building up a bargaining position from which Pétain at home could draw support in his dealings with the conqueror. Weygand is no talker. Only two brief utterances of his have become public since he went to Africa, but they are very definite. At the time Hitler saw Laval, Franco and Pétain, Weygand published a brief message to his officials and people in the *Dépêche Marocaine*. Nothing incompatible to the honor or interests of France and the peoples who have entrusted themselves to her has been or could be agreed to by a government headed by Marshal Pétain."

Hitler's Sinister Power

Berlin was furious and apparently demanded his recall. His failure to return was widely interpreted in the British and American press as defiance of his chief. Jay Allen reports in an interview obtained on December 5 how much this angered Weygand. "Tell them that Africa is one with France and General Weygand is one with Marshal Pétain." Finally, there was a curious phrase which slipped through the censorship at Vichy, that Laval's successor "would have to be acceptable also to General Weygand"; and an almost unnoticed visit which Pétain paid to Tunis, where he might easily have met Weygand, on December 9.

So that, up to now, the answer to the question "Why doesn't Hitler simply occupy the rest of France and kick Pétain out?" has been: Weygand. Once Hitler makes up his mind that he can't get hold of French Africa—where he has many military missions but no army to back them up—he may occupy the rest of France. And while we are thinking of Weygand's bargaining power in protecting Vichy, we should not overlook Hitler's bargaining power in keeping Weygand from actively re-entering the war with his thirty African divisions. Hitler holds the very life and future of France in his hands, in the two million war prisoners and the youth he could transport to slavery in Germany. He understands all too well France's weak point, her procreative power, and he has shown in the case of Poland that he does not scruple to destroy a whole race, root and branch. Of the four men who hold France's fate in their hands, Hitler's power is by far the greatest and the most sinister.

WE WERE right about Laval. But in our bitter disappointment over France's defection last June we misjudged the other Men of Vichy almost as badly as they misjudged Britain's chances of survival. In particular we misjudged Marshal Pétain's fibre and mistook his motives. He appears to have surrendered in the sincere belief that the military possibilities of the situation were played out; to have refused to transfer the government to North Africa because he believed that would have been abandoning the French people leaderless and helpless before the conqueror; and to have labored ever since solely for the revival of the nation and the alleviation of its sufferings.

Hitler may have welcomed him at first as another old dotard like Hindenburg, and as easy to handle. But Pétain's back has remained straight, his mind clear and his sense of honor rigid. Insisting on treating the Armistice as a formal engagement, he has prevented Hitler from using it merely as an opening wedge—as we always expected he would. Pétain has kept his side of the contract to the letter, and has kept Nazi interference in the government of unoccupied France to a minimum. He has revised his judgment as to the

hopelessness of France's defeat as the Battle of Britain and American intervention developed. He has consistently turned down all proposals for handing over the Fleet or bases in Africa to the Axis. It is true that he has also bitterly opposed General de Gaulle's Free French Movement. But that is a more personal matter than we have realized. Pétain was one of the old school which opposed de Gaulle's vigorous campaign for the reorganization of the French Army; it is perhaps only human nature that he can't forgive de Gaulle for proving him wrong.

Maintain French Unity

The best expression which I have seen of Pétain's policies and hopes is his broadcast to the French people on the 30th of October, following his meeting with Hitler. The headline which I remember seeing on that occasion was "VICHY JOINS AXIS." Test it against this text: "This meeting," Pétain says, "raised hope and caused anxiety. I owe you an explanation. Such an interview was only possible, four months after our military defeat, thanks to the dignity of the French people in face of their ordeal and thanks to the enormous effort towards regeneration which they have made. . . . France has rallied. . . . It was of my own free will that I accepted the Fuehrer's invitation. . . . Collaboration between our two countries was considered. I accepted the principles. The application will be discussed later. . . ."

"It is with honor and to maintain French unity, a unity of ten centuries. . . . that I enter today the path of collaboration. In the near future the load of suffering of our country may thus be lightened, the lot of our prisoners improved, the burden of occupation expenses lessened, and so the line of demarcation may be rendered more flexible and the administration and provisioning of the territory facilitated. . . . France has numerous obligations towards the victor. At any rate she remains sovereign. This sovereignty imposes on her the obligation to defend her own soil. This is my policy, and history shall judge. Until now I have spoken to you as a father—today I speak to you as the Leader. Follow me. Keep your trust in eternal France."

Pétain's concern for the suffering of the war prisoners and the hunger of the rest of the French population in the coming winter was the chief lever used by Laval in trying to put over a deal which would give Germany the Fleet and African bases, and himself the French leadership. Laval's motives were poles apart from Pétain's. Of all the Men of Vichy he appears to have been the only one who wanted to actually join in the war against Britain. (Have we considered often enough the men who weren't taken into the Vichy Government: Doriot, Deat and Bergery?) In July Laval, indulging in a tirade against Britain to American correspondents, blurted out: "The British got me in 1935, but they won't get me again."

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Pétain Takes a Hand

But there would be nothing left of France. When Laval brought these German terms to Vichy from Hitler, Pétain hastily took the negotiations out of his hands and arranged a meeting with the Fuehrer. It is probable that Hitler, having purposely made excessive demands, now offered "generous concessions"; that is his way. After a long and

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

And They're Just Starting Now

BY POLITICUS

ONE has to be a Canadian Prime Minister or a member of the cabinet to understand why it took from early September 1939 to mid-November 1940 to set up a body to plan what Canada can best do to contribute fully to the war.

Unbelievable as it may seem to a voter who is not a member of the King's Privy Council for the Dominion of Canada, it took fifteen months just to set up a board to decide what Canada can best produce to help Britain and herself in this war. Yet within the lifetime of every member of Mr. King's Cabinet this country has had the experience of an earlier major war.

No decision has yet been made as to whether or not Canada will manufacture aircraft engines. No decision has yet been made as to how Canada can best dovetail its production with the United States and the Empire to provide the greatest effectiveness for all concerned. And no one has yet dealt with the serious question as to whether or not Canada is expending its effort too thinly without sufficient consideration of what Britain can best produce and what can quickest, best and cheapest be bought in the United States.

No stabs in the dark will do the job.

FORTUNATELY there has been a board set up by order in council P.C. 6601, November 16th, 1940 to consider those matters. It is the Wartime Requirements Board.

As the preamble says, "It is deemed desirable that a special agency be created to be specifically charged with the duty of examining into and weighing the economic significance of the various projects as and wherever they originate, in relation to the maximum war effort of which Canada is capable, and for that purpose there should be appointed a Wartime Requirements Board with powers hereinafter set forth."

The powers of that Board are nil from the point of view of enforcement of their recommendations. What they can do is recommend and suggest. According to section 2 (b) "they shall co-ordinate and analyze the aforementioned information with a view of estimating the total requirements of the war program and to its evaluation in terms of materials, power, manufacturing plants and facilities, and transportation facilities required."

According to 2 (c) "they shall formulate such plan or plans as may be necessary to ensure that war needs in the order of their importance shall have priority over all other needs;"

THERE has been a good deal of excitement about the lack of power in the Wartime Requirements Board to enforce its recommendations. That question will not arise until the Board makes a report and it is not accepted. For if there is to be a planning Board and if the members are the right men their suggestions, based on a study of the whole picture, should be accepted, otherwise the Government might as well tell the members to go home and play marbles.

Power of enforcement however need not be given to the Board if the Government accepts its recommendations. For if the Board's suggestions have the effect of law then the Minister of Munitions and Supply might as well resign and let the chairman of the Board take his place. If the Board took over the functions of the Cabinet, the Cabinet might as well change places with them.

A great deal of the effectiveness of the Board will depend on the calibre of the men who compose it. As it stands at present there is a combination of civil service officials and dollar-men.

The Chairman of the Board is Harvey R. MacMillan of Vancouver, who used to be the timber controller. The rest of the members are as fol-

lows: Dr. W. C. Clark, deputy minister of finance; Graham F. Towers, governor of the Bank of Canada; Dr. Bryce M. Stewart, deputy min-

ister of the department of labor; R. A. C. Henry, munitions and supply, and close friend of Mr. Howe's; Major-General L. R. LaFleche, associate deputy minister of national war services; Lt. Col. K. S. MacLachlan, deputy navy minister; Herbert G. Colebrook, of national defence for air; and H. Carl Goldenberg, of the economics section of munitions and supply, as secretary.

There are some very top men in that list. A great deal of the ef-

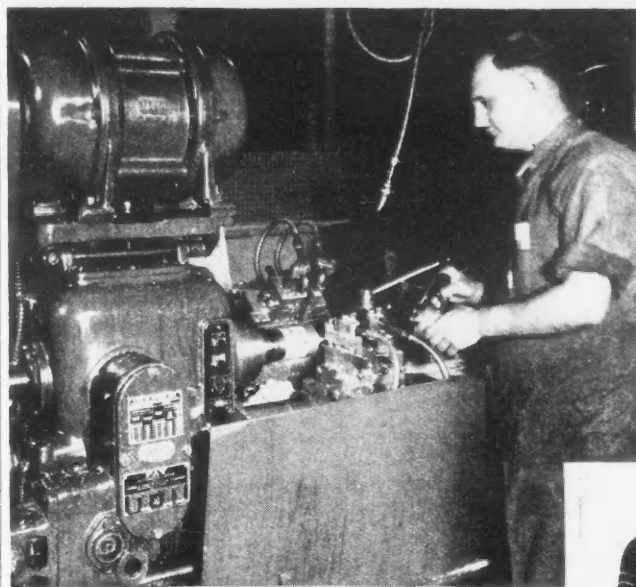
fectiveness of what Canada will do in the mobilization of its resources for war will depend on their recommendations, provided the Cabinet will stop worrying about narrow political considerations and give them their head. For it assumed that the Government has confidence in the men they appointed.

Of the whole group there is one man who is of special importance to those who have watched him work at Ottawa. He will continue to

be of greater importance as time goes on. That man is the Chairman, Mr. MacMillan.

During the Blitzkrieg of May, he and J. S. McLean of Canada Packers came to Ottawa worried, as everyone else was. They saw Mr. Howe. The Minister put it up to them to see what they could do. Mr. McLean was unable to stay. But Mr. MacMillan did. What he has to say after being in Ottawa working to

(Continued on page 29)



A PISTON RECEIVES ITS CROWN—under the watchful eye of a Thompson craftsman, as the steel fingers of a Ring Grooving Machine accurately cut the piston ring slots. There are no less than 11 distinct operations in the manufacture of a Thompson piston and 5 different inspections before it is ready for the car assembly line or the jobber's shelf.



CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK: Filled with exciting moments was a recent hockey game in the St. Catharines Industrial League, held between Thompson Products and Alliance Paper Mills Ltd., which the Thompson team won 7 to 3. Sports activities receive the utmost encouragement at Thompson Products. The best product of industry is a craftsman with enthusiasm for his work. The enthusiasm of "Thompsonites" is reflected in their play as they rocket the puck—hard, fast and true. (Left) The team.

"CHECKS" AND BALANCES

THE close of another year finds Canada's Automotive Industry one of the greatest bulwarks of Empire defence. Off armament assembly lines, motorized war equipment keeps rumbling, line on line—on a scale hardly conceivable a year ago.

War needs must take priority over non-war demands. Yet Canada's Automotive Industry is geared to such efficiency that the production of motor cars for domestic needs can still be carried through.

"Canada's Automotive Industry" is a broad term. It consists rather of an "interlocking" of industries such as: the motor car manufacturers, themselves; the hundreds of industries making and supplying essential parts; basic material industries such as mining and lumbering, iron and

steel, textile, chemical and many others. The motor car is a modern necessity—and it has created Canada's greatest industrial payroll.

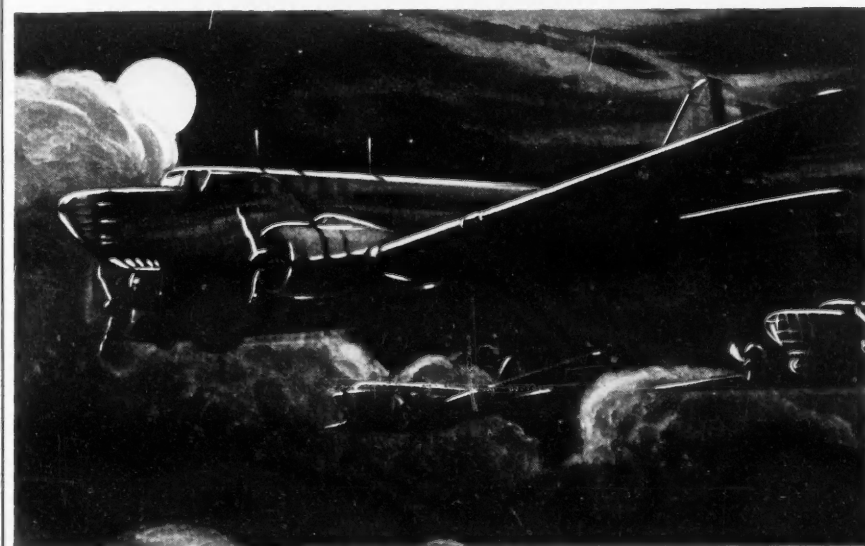
Among the most important suppliers of essential automotive parts is Thompson Products Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont., employing hundreds of Canadians. Many "Thompsonites" are on active service. Those at their jobs have a full appreciation of increased responsibilities and a desire that Thompson products shall be the finest that modern science and skilled craftsmanship can produce.

"No botched work must leave this shop"—an ideal long shared by all at Thompson Products—has an added significance today. As the roaring forges beat their symphony, even so called "common" jobs are being done uncommonly well.

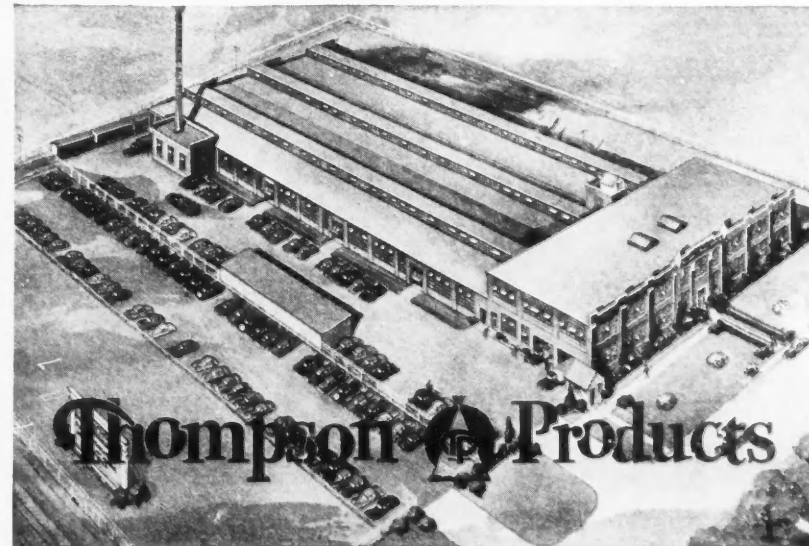


PERFECT BALANCE is an essential requirement for every Thompson product and no imperfections can escape Thompson craftsmen and the ingenious machines that reveal any variance from those precision standards that are a Thompson ideal. Canada's automotive, aircraft and mining industries, operating at war-time tempo, are depending to an increasing degree on Thompson products. In the making of these essential parts such as pistons and piston pins, valves, valve seat inserts and retainer locks, tie rods, tie rod ends and detachable mining drill bits—each Thompson craftsman can be said to take a personal sense of pride.

'ELL AT MIDNIGHT FOR 'ITLER: Over Berlin and Boulogne, Hamm and Hamburg, Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven and hundreds of other enemy centres roar British bombers pressing home the attack so vital to an Empire's war effort. An unceasing flow of aircraft is now bridging the Atlantic to supplement Britain's home production—and in these aircraft, Thompson products are playing their faithful part. Canada, too, continues to import aircraft on an increasing scale, and to conserve foreign exchange, "Buy Canadian" is the watchword at Thompson Products in the purchases of raw materials.



All at Thompson Products
Extend New Year's Greetings



FROM WEEK TO WEEK

The Statute of Westminster

BY B. K. SANDWELL

This is a broadcast delivered on December 21 over the network of the CBC, by the editor of Saturday Night, and is printed by the text of the CBC.

THE Statute of Westminster, which went into effect exactly nine years ago, is an act of the Parliament of Great Britain. But the decisions which it registers were not the decisions of the Parliament of Great Britain alone. The subtitle of the Act is "An Act to give effect to certain resolutions passed by Imperial Conferences held in the years 1926 and 1930." The decisions which were embodied in law in the Statute of Westminster were the decisions of those Conferences and not of any one Parliament of any one nation of the British Commonwealth of Nations. By this device the Commonwealth was enabled to avoid some of the consequences which would otherwise inevitably flow from the fact that it possesses no legislative body representing the peoples of all the member nations. One hundred years ago all these nations were equally and entirely subject to the legislative power of the Parliament of Great Britain. Step by step, during a hundred years, they acquired a steadily increasing amount of sovereignty over their own affairs. In the Great War of 1914-18 they fought alongside of Great Britain with their own troops under their own command and provided for by their own finances; and at the end of that war they signed the peace treaties and entered into the League of Nations as separate entities. But their position in relation to one another and the position of the Overseas Dominions in relation to Great Britain remained undefined by any declaration of status, and the resultant situation was too ambiguous and difficult to last.

At the Imperial Conference of 1921, following the period of close cooperation between the Dominions and the Mother Country during the war and the period of peace settlement, there were signs of a tendency on the part of the Prime Ministers in attendance at it to function as a sort of Imperial Cabinet, and to tender advice in that capacity to His Majesty; but the prompt result of this tendency was the development of a vigorous reaction in most of the Dominions against the idea of their being committed to a common foreign policy with the rest of the Commonwealth by the mere participation of a Prime Minister in such a gathering. As a result, the years from 1922 to 1926 have been described as the period of decentralization in Imperial affairs. We need not discuss in detail the events of that period; but as early as 1923, the date of the next Imperial Conference, there was

plenty of evidence that almost all the Dominions had developed a distinct wariness about entering into binding commitments in matters of foreign policy. Professor MacGregor Dawson, author of the leading authoritative text book on this subject, suggests that one reason for the rise of the spirit of nationalism was "the apparent success of the League of Nations and the protection and shelter which it promised." The Irish Free State was in 1923 for the first time a participant in the Conference, and its views were naturally no less nationalistic than those of any of the other Dominions.

BY THE time of the Conference of 1926 there was not only no further demand for the development of any unified organ for insuring common action by the Dominions in international affairs, but the Irish Free State, South Africa and Canada were united in urging an attempt to define more exactly the existing status of the Dominions, which was considerably more independent in actual effect than it was

NEIGHBOR

MY BUXOM neighbor knows not Night—
A fingertouch fills rooms with light;
From up or down illumed are stairs;
Within, without, her cottage flares.
While in cool gloom I strike a match
To fit my key into the catch
And in warm darkness find my lamps,
From ear to glowing porch she stamps.
Oh, will she—frenzied—crave a spark
When she must face Death's friendly dark?

UNDA WOOD.

in legal theory. The 1926 Conference, therefore, in the words of Professor Dawson "took as its main objective the task of bringing the theory of the Empire up to the point where it corresponded with the facts." It is significant that the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee, composed of the Prime Ministers and other leaders of the Conference with Lord Balfour as chairman, was unanimously accepted by the Conference. It was this Conference which formulated the definition, subsequently incorporated almost word for word in the Statute of Westminster, to the effect that the self-governing units within the Empire "are autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though

united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." Another very important resolution defined the position of the Governor-General in each Dominion; he is to be considered as "the representative of the Crown, holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in the Dominion as is held by His Majesty, the King, in Great Britain." A peculiarly difficult problem in inter-imperial relations, arising from the fact that, unlike the laws of an independent nation, the laws of a "colony" have no validity generally speaking beyond the territory of the colony, was left over for investigation by an expert commission.

But the 1926 Conference also established another principle beside that of equality of status. This was the principle of inequality of function. The functions to be assumed, particularly in regard to foreign affairs, by each member of the Commonwealth at any particular moment and in regard to any particular question, must inevitably be determined largely by conditions of geography, of size, of importance, of economics, of military or naval necessity. "It was frankly recognized," said the report, "that in this sphere, as in the sphere of defence, the major share of responsibility rests now, and must for some time continue to rest, with His Majesty's Government in Great Britain."

THE experts on the validity of colonial laws duly met in 1929, and arrived at a solution. The Imperial Conference of 1930 approved the report of the experts, and basing itself largely upon the resolutions of the preceding Conference, adopted a statute which it recommended should be passed by the Parliament at Westminster under the title of "The Statute of Westminster" and called upon the Dominion parliaments to pass resolutions to the same effect, which they in due course did.

The Statute of Westminster is not a lengthy Act. Indeed considering its importance it is extremely brief. It begins with the declaration that as the Crown is the symbol of the free association of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, who are united by a common allegiance to the Crown, it would be in accord with the established constitutional position that any alteration in the law touching the succession to the Throne shall hereafter require the assent of the Parliaments of all the Dominions as well as of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. This is part of the preamble, and is merely a declaration of principle; it is not subsequently incorporated in any of the operative part of the Act. The other important declaration in the preamble is that "it is in accord with the established constitutional position that no law hereafter made by the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall extend to any of the said Dominions as part of the law of that Dominion otherwise than at



I thought they would be simply swell for a route march! —L.A.

the request and with the consent of that Dominion." This portion of the preamble is duly enacted into operative law by Section 4 of the Statute.

The Dominions are enumerated as being Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Irish Free State, and Newfoundland. The British law of 1865 restricting the validity of colonial laws is declared not to apply to any law made after the commencement of this Act by the Parliament of a Dominion. It is declared that no provision of any law made after the commencement of this Act by the Parliament of a Dominion shall be void or inoperative on the ground that it is repugnant to the law of England, or to any existing or future Act of Parliament of the United Kingdom. The Parliament of a Dominion is given the power to repeal or amend any act of the United Kingdom so far as it is part of the law of the Dominion. The Dominions are given power to make laws having extra-territorial operations. Specifically, it is provided that certain British shipping and admiralty laws shall not hereafter apply to any Dominion.

The remainder of the Act consists of exceptions to and reservations from these general principles. The only one affecting Canada is that which reserves to the Parliament of the United Kingdom the power to amend the British North America Act, the Dominion having been unprepared at that time to make any provision for taking over the responsibility of amending its own Constitution. It goes without saying that whenever Canada decides that it wants to amend its own Constitution the power to do so will be conferred upon it, as it has already been upon Australia.

IT HAS been said with truth that the Statute of Westminster defines with great care all the respects in which the Dominions and the United Kingdom are independent of one another, and leaves undefined with equal care the respects in which they are united with one another. The expressions "free association" and "common allegiance to the Crown" leave a great deal to the imagination concerning the nature and extent of the association, the nature of the allegiance, and the singleness or divisibility of the Crown. It was at first generally

supposed that the Crown, no matter how much it might be divided by the fact that in matters affecting Canada it must act on the advice of Canadian ministers, and in matters affecting South Africa on that of South African ministers, would nevertheless be found to be indivisible in the one matter of declaring war—that a declaration by the United Kingdom would bind the other governments. But this has proved not to be the case, for the Irish Government is still neutral, and Canada remained neutral for several days after Great Britain was at war.

Nevertheless it would be a great mistake to assume that these expressions—"free association" and "common allegiance to the Crown"—are without meaning, simply because they have no exact legal significance. Their value is in the realm of the spirit. They belong to the great imponderables, which in the long run have more influence upon human affairs than laws and constitutions. The unity of the nations making up the British Commonwealth is a unity of ideals and beliefs—a common way of life, rather than a common law or a common authority. It may well be that, for practical purposes, in a world such as that in which we find ourselves today, that unity will have to find expression in a more definite understanding between the Commonwealth nations as to the extent to which, and the manner in which, they will support one another in arms when occasion arises. But any such understanding will be an understanding between nations whose equality of status has been made plain for all time by the Statute of Westminster. It will be an understanding between brothers, not between a superior and a group of inferiors. Like the present cooperation between the British nations now engaged in common resistance to the Nazi assault upon the freedom of the world, it will be the stronger, the more reliable, the more durable, because of being based in the things of the spirit rather than in the realm of law. And the Crown which is the symbol of the unity of these British free nations has never been a more inspiring symbol, has never enjoyed a greater prestige, than today when its wearer is sharing with all the people of his historic capital the perils and glories of the most momentous siege in its history.

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Our Fifth Column Hysteria is Helping Hitler

BY W. D. HAMILTON

PERHAPS there is no more tragic aspect of the Fifth Column movement than the unintentional assistance it receives from well meaning, patriotic citizens, whose actions spring from the belief, called by Watson Kirkconnell the most dangerous of our time, that a nation or a language group is in some mysterious way united by the blood kinship of race.

It doesn't matter what your reasons are for accepting the fallacy that all Germans and Italians are enemies and spies. It may be because you misunderstand the whole character of the war; or because you adhere to the doctrine of hate, of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; or because you insist that nothing is too bad for the natives of a country which has launched five aggressive wars in less than a century. In every case, you are co-operating effectively with the Nazis in the bloodless war of corruption and disintegration which precedes their military operations.

In England the mass condemnation and internment of aliens last spring resulted in a mistake which it has taken months of labor and study to rectify. In Canada there occurred a blunder just as serious.

I refer to the wholesale dismissal from industrial establishments of persons of European birth with no consideration as to their naturalization or their pro- or anti-Nazi feelings. Even in cases where the employer happened to be a man with a little imagination, the employees showed their super-patriotism by refusing to work with foreigners. Or the same result was accomplished with aliens in business for themselves by the discontinuance of all purchases at their bakeries, groceries and fruit stores. For three days after Italy entered the war an Italian fruit store in North Toronto had not one customer!

Take for instance, the case of the coal miners on Cape Breton Island who continue to deprive the country of thousands of tons of coal which therefore have to be imported from the United States because they refuse to go into the mines with aliens. Or the case of the large industrial firms where the employees threatened to strike if skilled workmen of German birth were not dismissed. Or the Western Ontario city where seven employees of Italian birth were discharged by the Public Utilities, one having been in its service for twenty-three years.

Aliens Discharged

Read any daily newspaper in any city in Canada for June or July and see how many discharged all civil employees of alien birth. One alderman even recommended that "retired civic employees who were born in Italy or Germany, whether naturalized or not, should no longer be eligible to receive pensions from the City Hall Treasury."

When some of these individuals were dismissed they were cheerfully told to look for work in another quarter where their nationality was not known. But if the employer who has known them personally for ten or twenty years takes this attitude, how impossible is it for them to obtain new employment, with the prejudices current today, from people to whom they are strangers?

But what happens to all the little people, the clerks and typists and workmen who have only been existing up to the present in any case? Do they go on relief? The minutes of the meeting of one of Toronto's nearby townships provide a very illuminating answer.

"The responsibility for the care of enemy aliens who have not been interned," say the minutes, "is causing a problem, since they have been dropped from the relief rolls. . . . The families of interned aliens are allowed \$90.00 per month relief by the Federal Government, but those not interned have been forced to look out for themselves. . . . The Council registered its opposition to relief of any kind for enemy aliens. . . . The situation has become even worse because of the discharge of many of Italian birth from firms where they

One of the results of our terror of Fifth Column activities has been that we have interned or caused to be discharged many foreign born Canadians who were good citizens. England made the same mistake.

That's what Hitler wants: to foster suspicion among us. And we're helping him, for when we discharge one of these people, he has a grievance and he's perfectly willing to listen to any subversive proposals.

had been employed."

In other words, if you are an un-naturalized alien, and have only recently come to this country, and probably are a spy, you are interned; meaning you have adequate board and lodging and your wife and children are granted relief. But, if you are a naturalized and loyal Canadian and have come to this country anywhere from ten to twenty-five years ago, you are dismissed from your position; in some cases you are allowed relief, but more probably this will be refused, and your wife and family will starve.

Mental Ossification

If the British policy towards aliens last spring resulted, as Sir Norman Angell said, from complete ossification of mind, words fail to describe the mental reasoning behind this foolishness. There was a time when the only way for certain individuals to procure food was to throw a brick through a window so they would be fed in jail. Today, following to a logical conclusion the above facts, the best idea would be to plan to blow up a munitions factory so you would be housed in an internment camp and your wife and family would at least receive the necessities of life. If a foreigner is considered too dangerous to be employed in an industrial establishment, or mine, or store, is he any less dangerous being left to walk the streets with a grievance complex and the intimate knowledge of every nook and cranny of the factory in which he has been working?

This has nothing to do with the question of unjust internment, which is being looked after very well by the Civil Liberties Association. Now is it a question of injustice and suffering, or that a racial minority is being witch-baited as the Jews in Germany. The present is no time for leniency; and if our war effort could be advanced by this means, it would be justified. Let us remember that to be swayed from common sense by sentimentality or humanitarianism is just as foolish as to be swayed by hate and prejudice.

It is simply that a large section of the population is being forced to accept as the only hope of a reasonable existence the doctrine of our enemies, unless they take refuge like so many Austrians and Czechs, in suicide. It is simply the effect on men's minds today of persecution, of what they consider unjust treatment, the psychosis created by the endless, hopeless searching for a job. Why have millions in Europe already accepted existence under the protection of the Nazis, rather than a nominal and academic liberty which did not provide them with enough to eat? Where did the cataclysm of today spring if it was not in the economic and social collapse of the early 30's, with Hans Fallada's "Little Man" having even lost the will to rise from the gutter into which he had been pushed? Would Mayor La Guardia be so loudly condemning in public the government of his native land, if the city of New York had demanded his resignation?

There is a story that one of the older German internees being transferred to Canada declared he preferred imprisonment for life rather than the domination of Nazism over Europe. He had had first hand experience with totalitarian ruthlessness, and had no illusions as to its brutality. But can we expect as much perspicacity from foreigners who left their homeland in the days when Vienna was gay and Berlin a city of *bonapartes*? who now by the peculiar force of circumstances, and not through any fault of their own, find

themselves ostracised from the community? What conclusions, however erroneous, would you come to? Wouldn't you perhaps try to get a bit of the six million dollars which the Nazis made available to their Fifth Column in the United States in June? Or would you still believe in government of the people, for the people, and by the people, rather than its tragic alternative?

All the arguments used by the English journalists should be equally applicable in this part of the British Commonwealth. The effect on American opinion, Mr. H. G. Wells' insistence that this policy is deliberately enemy inspired, the fact that aliens are the worst disguise for a spy, and that there is no better way of finding them to our cause than letting them work for it. But in 1940 in Canada these are all side issues. The important point is our own individual safety. The writer personally has no desire to see the City Hall blown up or to be in another Dundas train wreck.

No Half-Way

Your inevitable reply to any accusation is, of course, "What would happen to a Canadian in Germany today?" Well, what would happen? What has happened to all the Czechs and Poles and Austrians? Those who aren't in concentration camps are working day and night in munitions factories, pouring more and more

shells into the Nazi war machine. Hitler has even invited skilled French workmen to take positions in Germany.

Or consider the second most repeated comeback: "Why should we give these people work when our own citizens are idle?" The latest government figures reveal an all time high for industrial employment, and our war effort in the next six to twelve months will require 250,000 men and women a number which considerably over-absorbs the 201,000 individuals out of work at the present. Since the beginning of the war there has been a shortage of skilled labor.

This provides us with our answer, and will help solve a serious labor situation. Aliens who are skilled workmen and those who were until 1940 contributing to other various branches of industry, on condition that they are loyal and are carefully supervised, must be reabsorbed into industry.

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THE PRAIRIE LETTER

Two Christmas Dinners for the Boys

BY GALEN CRAIK

CANADIAN boys overseas may not know it yet, but thousands of them will be eating a second Christmas dinner on or about the middle of January. Turkeys and chickens for this belated Yuletide feast will be a bit late arriving, but, if the Canadian appetite has survived the mists and rains of the English winter climate, should be none the less welcome.

The idea of a turkey dinner for the men occurred first to Brig. Gen. Alex Ross, of Yorkton, Sask., former Canadian Legion president, but was given up when it was doubted if there was sufficient time to get the birds to British shores before Christmas. Then the Dominion government got an inkling of this Western Canada idea, sent out word that it was still a splendid idea even if the turkeys didn't arrive until mid-January, so Legion officials swung into action, with the result that western farmers have killed and plucked thousands of turkeys and chickens for despatch overseas.

The birds have been pouring into the centrally-located Canadian Legion points in the three western provinces, where packing plants have volunteered to pack, freeze and ship the birds. Railways have offered free transportation to the seaboard, while government and shipping officials have arranged for space to be reserved for close to 60,000 pounds of turkey and chicken.

Canadian Legion organizers appealed to farmers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to send their donations to the Legion branches nearest them, and the response has been but one more proof that the Western Canadian farmer is as patriotic a man as can be found in the Dominion. Quota of about 25,000 pounds was set for Saskatchewan, and it was hoped that farmers in the other two provinces would raise the remainder of the 60,000-pound objective. One veteran of the First

Great War in the Melfort, Sask., district, said 4,000 pounds of turkey were available there.

The boys in England will know who their benefactors are, for all birds will be tagged plainly with the name and address of the sender.

West Has Dugouts Too

The simple dugout has become an important feature of water conservation methods on the prairie farm. As its name implies, the dugout is just an elongated hole in the ground, dug fairly wide and fairly deep, which catches a bit more than its share of the winter's snows, is replenished by a few showers throughout the summer, and from which the farmer can usually obtain sufficient water to care for his stock through the summer-time. The dugout plan works fine in the heavier soils, which retain the run-off water for a remarkably long length of time, but is not so successful where sandier, lighter soils prevail.

Of recent years dugouts have been built in greatly increasing numbers, under the guidance of Prairie Farm Rehabilitation officials, but a letter from a pioneer farmer that turned up at P.F.R.A. headquarters in Regina recently indicates that the dugout idea originated in the brain of a 16-year-old boy back in 1883. This "boy" is now 74-year-old E. J. Heath, of Moose Jaw, who "is still spry enough to skate," according to the Regina *Leader-Post*, and who claims to have constructed the first dugout in Saskatchewan, possibly in the west. It is still in use on a farm north of Moose Jaw.

Mr. Heath doesn't say so, but the fact that he had to "haul all our water out of hay sloughs or from Moose Jaw that summer" may have been the "necessity" which in this

particular case was the "mother of invention." One would imagine that a lively lad of 16 would do a lot of thinking if by so doing he could avoid the long, slow, tiresome task of hauling water from slough or the distant town of Moose Jaw.

A visit to a well-drilling outfit at Pense, between Regina and Moose Jaw, where the workmen said they had drilled for 1,800 feet without striking water, set Mr. Heath and his uncle thinking. A "few pails of water" in a railway ditch, however, gave the pioneer lad his new idea. In a deep part of this ditch, he got enough water for his team, and when they resumed their trip to Moose Jaw Mr. Heath remarked to his uncle: "Why couldn't we dig a hole like that on our farm to hold snow in the winter? When it melted we could have some water."

They found an old scraper which had been used in the construction of the C.P.R. line, then being built, got a bottom put on it and then, Mr. Heath reports, "my brother and I dug the first pond for water purposes this district ever saw. I went to Buffalo Lake and got a load or two of brush, piled it all around to catch the snow. In the spring it was full of nice water, good enough to drink and use in our home."

"Although our neighbors thought we were doing a lot of work for nothing, the next year or two they were all doing the same thing, until now we have thousands of these ponds, where water cannot be procured by digging wells."

Good Year for Furs

Indians in the Rocky Mountain district of western Alberta are expecting a good fur season this winter, because, they say, fewer white men are out on the trap lines. More of the latter are engaged in bush work than formerly, while many of them have joined the army. The Indians are quite happy about this state of affairs, as they have long complained that the white man has encroached on their trapping grounds. The trouble with the white trapper, the Indians claim, is that he cleans out the trap lines, rarely leaving something "to grow for next year," as the Indians have enough foresight to do. Mink, marten, lynx and coyote are trapped by the Indians, who also shoot squirrels, cougars and rabbits, if they are plentiful. The cougar is a vicious beast, and the Indians would not hunt them if the bounty were not high enough to be tempting. Between the bounty and the price for the skin a cougar nets around \$30, enough to buy a good many rounds of ammunition and quite a number of stout steel traps.

Rocky Mountain House citizens have been skeptical of Indian tales that timber wolves frequent that district. However, at a Fish and Game League meeting the pelt of a timber wolf that had been killed nearby was exhibited, confounding those who had claimed the Indians were romancing and that there were no big wolves within 500 miles.

Henry Stelfox, who displayed the wolf skin, said that timber wolves in the bush country west of Rocky Mountain House are increasing rapidly. He had in his possession half a dozen other wolf pelts, he said, brought in by Indians who had killed them in that district. Bounty on wolves is so low that the Indians waste no time hunting them, but they do shoot them down if they happen to encounter them while making 10 rounds of their trap lines.

And speaking of hunting, down in south Saskatchewan, where the jack-rabbits are thicker than ever this year, youngsters of school age, and older, are oiling up their .22s for their winter offensive against the "jacks." Approximately 214,000 rabbit pelts last year brought in between 14 and 25 cents apiece, while fur farmers paid from 5 to 15 cents each for the carcasses.



John Lodge and Helen Gleason, stars in Messrs. Shubert's new play "Night of Love" which opens at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for one week beginning December 30, prior to its New York opening.

THE CAMERA

What the Heck is Notan?

BY "JAY"

MARY X (I'm wondering if this is a greeting) has been doing a spot of reading, and like a few others she has run up against this Notan bird. It seems that whenever a certain type of writer on the subject of pictorialism wants to boost his stock, he will bring in Notan, and as Mary X says in her letter, we are left without any idea what Notan is, or where it came from, and since the dictionaries do not recognize Notan, well what are we to do?

Well Mary, I too ran afoul of Notan, and was on the point of taking that, "well what the heck" attitude when I happened across an old number of the A.P. and found the answer. A certain Mr. Arthur Doe had an explanation which I typed out for future reference, and here it is.

He says, that to attain an appreciation of Notan, and the power to create it, the fundamental fact must be understood, namely: that a placing together of masses of light and dark, synthetically related, conveys to the eye an impression of beauty entirely independent of meaning. For example, squares of dark porphyry against squares of white marble, checks in printed cloth, and the blotty (I know another meaning for the word "blotty" too, J.) ink sketches of the Venetians, the Dutch and the Japanese. This is a kind of "visual music" which the Japanese so love in the rough ink paintings of their old masters where there is but a hint of fact.

So says Mr. Arthur Doe. And by-the-way, Notan is from the Japanese, and the literal significance is: an arrangement of light and shade.

Hypo-Ferricyanide

B. W. of Toronto writes to say that from time to time he finds it necessary to clear up the odd negative from a slight over-all fog. He has heard that hypo-ferricyanide will do this, and wants the formula, its keep-

ing qualities, and how to use it.

Yes, this will do the job, and I find the following in the old reliable, the British Journal, which gives the formula as follows:

Two solutions are required, "A" and "B".

"A". Hypo, about two and one half ounces. Water, twenty ounces.

"B". Potassium Ferricyanide one ounce. Water, ten ounces.

The working solution is prepared by adding from twenty-five to sixty minims of "B" to one ounce of "A". The larger the quantity of "B" the more rapid the action, and the mixing should take place immediately before starting to work since its life when mixed is only a few minutes. The color should be a lemon-yellow; if it acquires a blue-green tint in use, it should be thrown away and a fresh solution substituted.

A New Catalogue

Lockharts have just published their second annual catalogue (I believe that they are the only dealers in Canada to issue a photographic catalogue, if there are others I would like copies) and great credit is coming to them for a truly representative and complete work.

What with the total banning of photographic equipment from continental Europe, the uncertainty of delivery from Great Britain, and the recent increase of tax on purchases from the U.S.A., the photographic business in Canada is faced with many problems. Lockharts have succeeded in getting together a line of merchandise, but for cameras, as complete as though there were none of these problems. In fact, all of the dealers which I have visited during recent weeks, show a remarkable range of goods, and they can well say to amateurs, "you look after your cameras, and we will look after supplies and accessories."

By-the-way, this catalogue is yours for the asking.

Cheerio and good pictures.

Festive Surroundings



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them

The King Edward is preparing for a glorious New Year's Eve Fiesta and you should hurry to make your reservation. It's going to be a Gala Night and attended by most interesting people. Luigi Romanelli and his orchestra will mete out a major measure of musical mirth. Dancing will carry on from 10 p.m. until ——— in three ballrooms—the Crystal, Oak, and Alexandra Rooms.

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In line with the conservation of expenditures during war time, certain features of entertainment will be eliminated, and this saving is being passed on to our guests.

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Our Democracy at Work

BY HENRY F. MARSHALL

IN A few days' time the voters of most Canadian municipalities will elect their councils. Usually the number of people who cast their votes in municipal elections is much smaller than in general elections; say about forty per cent of those on the lists, sometimes more, sometimes much less. If any of the voters were asked why they now do not vote, they would probably say we are at war, and municipal elections are unimportant anyway; or they might mumble something about graft, without knowing what they mean or whether there was graft; in short, they would think up a thousand and one excuses for not having voted.

Yet those who have an idea, or believe they have an idea, of what democracy is or should be, know that communal self-government is one of the main pillars of democracy. By comparison the number of votes cast in the last federal election in this country comprised seventy-one per cent of those on the lists. Why that great difference?

Of course, the answers which any of those non-voting people give are only excuses and not explanations. The explanation lies much deeper than the excuses go; it lies in the different use of propaganda. If we were to spend as much money per head of voters or of candidates in a municipal election as we usually spend in a federal election, there is no doubt that quite as many voters would go the polls in the first case as in the second. What makes them go is, of course, not the money that is spent, but the propaganda on which it is spent.

This means, in the first instance, that election propaganda makes people go to the polls, and the number of people who go to the polls depends on the extent of the propaganda that is made. Of course, there are other influences too, as for instance during the last federal election in this country when in certain districts people could not get to the polling stations on account of weather conditions. But these are minor influences. The major influences, however, have produced sinister results in various countries in recent years.

If it takes a great propaganda apparatus to make, at the time of an approaching general election, many people aware of their basic democratic right, namely the right to vote

Compared with the voting in general elections the voting in municipal elections, such as we shall have in Canada in a few days' time, is usually low.

Yet municipal elections are quite as important an element of democracy as general elections.

The author of this article sees the great difference in the votes cast as caused by the different extent of propaganda. By way of the experience of democracy in Germany he asks "Can it happen here?" and gives his own answer to the question.

at all, it stands to reason that it is comparatively easier to sway them with regard to what they should vote. The awareness of the right to vote at all is aroused in everyone during an election campaign by the combined propaganda apparatus of all parties, all candidates, and the powers that be. Once the indifferent citizen says to himself "well, this time I must vote; everyone says it is important this time," he will begin to think how he is going to vote.

This applies, as we said, to the indifferent citizen. Naturally there are many people who are not indifferent. Observations have led the students of political psychology to believe that the proportion of those two groups is ten to one. For every ten indifferent citizens there is one who knows what it is all about. This is discouraging, and it applies with little variation to all civilized countries, including Germany before Hitler.

Wait to be Told

The point is then that ten out of eleven people are normally waiting to be told how to vote. They would begin by asking friends and neighbors what they thought, and naturally ten out of eleven friends and neighbors would belong to the same category, and would also be prey to the most effective propaganda. They would probably not be influenced very much by the newspapers. In the recent American Presidential election less than one-third of the newspapers supported President Roosevelt. At the time the Nazis got into power in Germany probably not more than a few dozen out of three thousand daily newspapers were Nazi papers. To be sure, there were many Nazi fellow-traveller papers. But all of them were Con-

servative, and, in spite of the sympathy they showed for Hitler, admonished their readers to vote Conservative.

It is not possible to enumerate all hypothetical types of propaganda that would be more effective than certain other types of propaganda. But one thing is sure: propaganda that uses violence must inevitably triumph over propaganda that does not use violence. It could be countered only by propaganda that uses greater violence. Violence means not only beating-up or killing, but also threats. Hitler and his lieutenants drummed for years into the heads of the German people that they would get into power sooner or later, and make no mistake about that; and then he spoke one day the most effective word that, when they would get into power, heads would roll. No one could doubt that he meant it, and naturally millions of people were scared that it might be their heads that would roll.

Yet even after the Nazis had been in power for six weeks, the German elections of March 5, 1933, did not secure them an absolute majority. In spite of the gigantic Nazi propaganda apparatus, to which in that election was added the apparatus of the state, fifty-two per cent of the Germans did not vote for Hitler. Does that mean that there were only forty-eight per cent indifferent people in Germany, namely those who were swayed into voting for the Nazis? By no means.

One of the successful tricks which the Nazis used was to intimidate people by telling them that they, the Nazis, could find out what everyone had voted. Millions of people believed it, although countless observers agree that even the elections of March 1933 were still quite above board. But many people in the cities did not believe that the Nazis could find out, and they did not vote Nazi. They continued in the old ruts and voted whatever they were swayed into voting by others. However, they could not organize an effective counter force. This goes to show that the strength of the Nazis lay in their use of violence and in the intimidation also of those who did not vote for them.

It Can't Happen?

All this, of course, is a lesson to us. Most of us sit back and say it can't happen here. Naturally things do not happen if we fight against them, but it is not enough to say it won't happen. From 1928 on Hitler was financially backed by Hugenberg who saw in him a useful tool for smashing the German trade unions. Hugenberg had once been the general manager of Krupp's, and had then started a business of his own. He amassed an enormous fortune and controlled, among other things, the German film industry, and a large chain of newspapers. He was also very active in politics, was a member of the Reichstag, and the chairman of the Conservative Party (German National Party). In the end most of his Party's members deserted him, because they disagreed with his unconditional following of Hitler. The chief point, however, is that there was an individual without whose material and spiritual aid Hitler would never have succeeded.

It is frequently said that in England Sir Oswald Mosley was locked up the moment he became a public nuisance, and that the Germans failed to lock up Hitler when he became a public nuisance. But such a comparison is not going deep enough.



Height and range finders such as this one on eastern coast of Canada are invaluable to anti-aircraft units. In the background, the long snout of a 3.7-inch anti-aircraft gun points skyward over the Atlantic.

The proper questions to be asked are these: Would Mosley have been locked up if he had been backed by a man like Hugenberg? Are there "Hugenbergs" here, or in England, or in the United States, who are as powerful as Hugenberg was? Would "Hugenberg" have been or be locked up together with Mosley, in order to prevent "Hugenberg" from setting

on his feet another Mosley? If there are Hugenbergs here, or in England, or in the United States, is the government strong enough to lock them up?

When we are sure, or have made sure, that the answers to these questions are such as a democrat must wish them to be, then we may sit back and say "It can't happen here."

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

Great Hoax From Little Acorns

HOAXES, by Curtis D. MacDougall. Macmillan. \$4.00.

THE immediate effect of this book upon the reader is to make him mistrust everyone and everything he meets, for it is a merciless exposure of gullibility. After some reflection, however, he is even more impressed by the slenderness of those ties which hold us to the body of faith and assumption which we agree to call Truth; how very easy it would be to break those ties and launch us all upon a sea of completely logical falsehood; then comes the disquieting reflection: Is that what has happened? Are we all living as victims of a gigantic, immensely complicated hoax?

Mr. MacDougall gives details of more than five hundred deceptions which have gained credence at one time or other. Do not take up "Hoaxes," however, with any idea that you are going to read a series of side-splitting anecdotes about Horace De Vere Cole, or any other brilliant practical joker; the book might equally well have been called "Frauds." Many of these tricks were anything but light-hearted; some were ugly and

malignant swindles.

The most astonishing of these hoaxes are those which caused great financiers and governments to entrust large sums to unknown and unreliable tricksters; the most pathetic are the religious frauds, in which the desire to believe has strangled common sense; the grimmest are the academic and scholarly hoaxes, in which men of great learning have been utterly destroyed by their faith in their own judgment. A warning to us all are the innumerable examples in which a small seed of suggestion grew to a great tree of error. Mr. MacDougall has arranged his material very thoughtfully and well; his reasoning on the subject of human credulity is admirable, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to be wholly satisfactory. He is a shallow psychologist; can it be that he regards psychological analysis as another fraud?

The lover of curiosities cannot afford to neglect this book, and it will make absorbing reading for almost anyone who is interested in the mystery of human character. I found it the most interesting book that I have read in some time.

Traveler's Tales

LAND OF THE EYE, by Hassoldt Davis. Oxford. \$3.50.

IT IS not a simple task to review a travel book. In the first place, book-reviewers are not the sort of men who go up the Amazon or down the Nile for pleasure; they are often myopic and unadventurous persons with mild agoraphobia, and therefore they know very little about the places to which the traveler claims he has been. On the other hand if the reviewer considers the book as a piece of writing, the traveler may well complain that he is a plain, blunt fellow with no pretensions to literary elegance, and that he has been hardly used. In the case of "Land of the Eye" this latter claim is invalid; Hassoldt Davis has written two books before this one, and of these one was a novel. Therefore I think he ought to write better than he does.

I think this not only because his literary style gives me the vapours, but because his story is good enough to deserve better telling. Mr. Davis writes neither bluntly nor elegantly; he merely writes carelessly, facetiously and sentimentally.

But although I disliked his way of telling it, I liked his story greatly. Mr. Davis was a member of the

Denis-Roosevelt expedition which managed to get to Nepal, where less than two hundred white men had been before. What the expedition found there will interest anyone who loves to hear of strange lands and peoples.

Some of Mr. Davis' tales I beg to leave to doubt; in doing so I make no reflection on his veracity. It is simply that I have a limited mind and cannot believe all I read. The parts I could not believe were the tales of the English alchemist in Calcutta, and of the little cripple in Nepal who was healed at the shrine of Nerain. They had a neat, Rider Haggard quality which was too much for me. Also, Mr. Davis misquotes Kipling, and an author who is guilty of a misquotation cannot expect his readers to accept any statement of his as being strictly accurate.

The great virtue of this book is that it is never dull. Its most disappointing feature is that travel does not seem to have broadened Mr. Davis, and that his remarks about some of his hosts, notably the Maharajah of Nepal, are ungracious and ungrateful. It is merely silly to apply the North American foot-rule to absolute monarchs. Perhaps if he had been a more appreciative and wiser traveler he would not have had to spice his book with tales which cast doubt on his veracity.



Sir Seymour Hicks examines damage done by bombs to historic Drury Lane Theatre.

The American Scene

BY MARY DALE MUIR

GOD HAS A LONG FACE, by Robert Wilder. Thomas Allen. 461 pages. \$3.00.

UNTIL THE SHEARING, by Anne Miller Downes. McClelland and Stewart. 448 pages. \$2.75.

MOON TIDE, by Willard Robertson. McClelland and Stewart. 309 pages. \$3.00.

RALEIGH'S EDEN, by Inglis Fletcher. McClelland and Stewart. 662 pages. \$3.25.

ALIKE in that they all paint the American scene, these four novels shift the background from Florida to northern New York, to California and then to the fertile land along the coast of North Carolina.

No more lovable, swashbuckling rascal than Basil Wallis Burgoyne in "God Has a Long Face" ever grew overnight from private to general. With a large part of the family fortune in his belt he marched southward after the Civil war, stopping en route to sweep a girl off her feet and make her his wife. Banks and businesses followed in his wake at Jacksonville and then Dade where the family homestead was founded

and where his three sons and one grandson were born. Depression follows the Florida boom leaving him only Homestead. The lusty physical philosophy that has stood him in such good stead over sixty years proves too much for his descendants. In the end he stands a tremendous, solitary figure by the grave of his grandson. Even then he is not entirely alone. His natural, half-negro daughter comes to wait on him.

Quite a different role is played by the genial, kindly grandfather in "Until the Shearing." Son of an actress, Felix comes under grandfather Thorpe's and Aunt Em's care at the age of six. By them he is guided through childish tantrums and jealous rages, into love and music and through many other questings. As the story progresses the farm at Clearwater is of more and more importance until finally Felix also establishes his home there. It is the stable, earthy background for his highly nervous, constantly searching nature. Evidence of the accuracy of characterization, the crazy Kershawa, perhaps, stand out most clearly in the reader's memory.

"Moon Tide" is, on the other hand, the story of twelve days in the life of a Swede introduced to us dead drunk, in a bait barge moored to the sea wall at San Pedro, California. He rescues a girl from drowning and takes her to live with him on the barge which immediately takes on significance as home to him. The slightness of the tale is compensated for by the lovable, homely qualities of the Swede.

Earliest in point of time (the previous three come up to Great War days) "Raleigh's Eden" is a comprehensive story of life in North Carolina from 1765 to 1782 after the surrender of Cornwallis. The graciousness of colonial life flows through its pages and the horrors of that life disturbed by the harsh realities of war. While Adam Rutledge and Mary Warden dominate the story they are only two of one hundred characters. After the war, while others seek the Missouri and Mississippi country, they remain to re-establish the home plantation. The living quality and historic exactness of "Raleigh's Eden" clearly demonstrates the six years of research that Mrs. Fletcher put into its writing.

Songsters in the Grove

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME, Macmillan. \$5.50.

SINCE its appearance in 1889 Sir George Grove's Dictionary of Music has been the standard authority on all except the most erudite musical topics. From time to time new editions have been published with corrections and amplifications. Now the editor, Mr. H. C. Colles, finds that the information in the last edition is correct as far as it goes, and that he needs, not a further edition, but a supplementary volume, containing such additional material as the passing of time has made available. The new volume makes excellent reading, and all musicians and musical libraries should get it at once. Canadians will find in it several articles on music and musicians in this country, contributed by Hector Charlesworth, music critic of SATURDAY NIGHT. There is a great deal of new information about contemporary musicians and important accounts of

contemporary movements in music, notably broadcasting, and the rapid improvement in the standard of performance and quality of Church music. There is also a definitive catalogue of the works of Liszt.

The contributors to this volume include almost all the prominent writers on music today; in his Preface Mr. Colles comments dryly on the turn of events which has made it possible for him to receive first-hand assistance from most of the outstanding music critics of Europe. This volume represents a difficult task ably performed.

WE EXPRESS our thanks to the Champlain Society, which has sent us a copy of its edition of Colnett's Journal Aboard the Argonaut; this book is not on sale, but interested persons will be able to see it at any good circulating library. The industry of the Champlain Society in making important documents in our history available in printed form is deserving of high praise.



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THE BOOKSHELF

Form-Creators

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

PIONEERS IN MUSIC, by David Ewen. Oxford University Press. \$5.

THE names and the music of all the greater composers are now, thanks to radio, well known to music lovers everywhere. What is not generally realized is that their sublime achievements are, for the most part, the fruition of the spade-work of innovators who labored long before their time. All the many established art-forms of music were in their origins experimental. Lesser men perfected the moulds into which the immortals poured the full flood of their genius.

A typical example of a man whose melodies are widely known, but whose real place in the history of music is forgotten, is Gluck; yet of Gluck's theories definitely outlined, not only the music dramas of Wagner and the later Verdi, but of French operatic composers from Gounod to Charpentier, are the fruit. And before Gluck there were men like Monteverde and Purcell, who first made recitative a factor. In their fields of Oratorio and Passion Music, Handel and Bach had their forerunners.

What is true of dramatic or quasi-dramatic music involving the human voice, is equally true of purely instrumental forms. There was, for instance, Arcangelo Corelli, born in an Italian village in 1653, who turned to the violin because he disliked pontifical music. His service to the modern world was twofold, for not only do the concertos of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms owe their origin to him, but he was likewise the father of violin music. Modern violin technique we owe to Paganini who said the last word in that field, but there were no violin solos until Corelli devised them. It is satisfactory to know that Corelli was buried in the Pantheon at Rome and for many years after his death, the anniversary was commemorated by musical performances at his grave.

Mr. Ewen is very illuminative with regard to the real career of Liszt, creator of free romantic tone poems, as distinguished from Liszt, the virtuosic piano composer. He also gives a vivid account of John Field, the Irish pianist, inventor of the "Nocturne" who influenced Chopin and all subsequent piano composers. He brings back to memory many other innovators. "Pioneers of Music" has the additional merit of being written for the general reader. It is free from technical obscurities, and is a book a layman can enjoy and understand.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

I WANTED to Murder (The Oxford Press \$2.35) is the first mystery story by Clarissa Fairchild Cushman, who, however, is the author of several other works. It is also a prize winner in a contest, sponsored by Mary Roberts Rinehart. The competition in the contest could have been a good deal keener than we imagine it was and yet the same winner might reasonably have turned up. It is most expertly constructed and is full of drama. If it has a flaw it is probably that it raises doubts in our mind that there was sufficient motive for the murders. However this may be a mere quibble, since the law does not recognize any motive as being sufficient for murder. We did not guess the identity of the murderer though we speculated on it, until Mrs. Cushman took us into her secret. Incidentally the dust jacket on this book reminds us of an idea that has frequently occurred to us, namely that the publishers insist that the artists read the book before making their drawings. They might have to pay them an extra \$10, but the result would be worth it, we think. . . . Jonathan Stagge's Turn of the Table (McClelland and Stewart \$2.35) is also exciting and first class, though the introduction of escaped lunatics is generally frowned upon by connoisseurs of detective fiction. Here again we defy anybody to spot the assassin until the author is ready. . . . J. J. Conington is, in our opinion, one of the best of living writers of crime stories. Occasionally he lapses, as in his Murder in the House, one of the worst books we have read in a year, but generally he is strictly out of the top drawer. His The Four Defences (McClelland and Stewart \$2.35) is one of his best and as a novelty introduces a radio broadcaster as the amateur detective. His murderer might be a little better disguised but this detracts but little from such a full bodied story, which we have pleasure in recommending.

Channel Adventure

BY KENNETH MILLAR

LANDEFALL, by Nevil Shute. McClelland and Stewart. \$3.00.

EVERYONE is familiar with the story of the young man who meets a girl, gets into serious difficulties which jeopardize his honor, gets out

of them with the help of the girl, and in a slap-bang happy ending proves his true worth by almost getting killed, and marries the girl. Few story-tellers, however, have done so well with such an unpromising plot as Nevil Shute has done in "Landfall."

The hero is a refreshingly ordinary young man, so ordinary as to be almost dull. His chief pleasures are making model ships and listening to Schenectady on a home-made radio. The girl is even more ordinary; she is a barmaid at the Royal Clarence in Portsmouth. The two of them meet at a dance-hall, and make some foolish jokes and some ineffective love, as ordinary people do. Having established the ordinariness, and the reality, of these people, Mr. Shute turns on the action. The young man, who happens to be a pilot officer on patrol duty in the English Channel, sinks a submarine with bombs. A naval Court of Enquiry decides that he has sunk a British submarine by mistake, and censures him. He is transferred to another post, where he forgets his shame by flying Wellington bombers and dropping leaflets on Berlin. Meanwhile, his girl is working on the submarine case. Being a barmaid in a pub where naval and Air Force officers congregate, she has special sources of information, and she succeeds in clearing her young man's

name.

Even if the story were not as well told as it is, it would be interesting for its authentic account of what is going on in the English Channel. If Mr. Shute had troubled to make himself a new plot, his story would be very fine indeed. However, in spite of the rose-colored shadow thrown over the second half of the book by the approach of the inexorable happy ending, probably most people will find themselves reading it as I did, at one sitting.

Gallimaufry

A PLEASANT little book which should be in every school library, and in the private library of anyone who takes an interest in the history of our country is "Canadian Portraits" (Oxford, \$1.50). It is a reprint of a series of broadcasts arranged by the C.B.C. composed of short biographies of several men who assisted in giving our country its present character. Most of these are excellently done, and it is interesting to notice that the men who emerge most clearly are not the tycoons and magnates of an earlier day, but such mild creatures as Calixa Lavallée, the composer of O Canada, Paul Kane, the artist, Louis Jobin, the woodcarver, and James McIntyre, the Cheese Poet.

Every man in the book is an 'original' from austere Goldwyn Smith to joyous McIntyre; we could do with some of their kind now.

READERS of modern poetry are familiar with the name of Conrad Aiken as that of a contemporary who works in a traditional, rather than in a revolutionary, manner. His latest work is a sonnet sequence called "And In The Human Heart" (Collins, \$1.75). In these forty-three sonnets Mr. Aiken writes of love like a man of sense and sensitivity. To read them is a delightful experience and to re-read them is to feel a new respect for this staid and scholarly poet.

CLEVER men are usually disliked in a measure corresponding to their cleverness. Machiavelli was one of the most brilliant political thinkers of all time, and his name is execrated as that of a bowless schemer and cynical opportunist. He was nothing of the kind, as anyone who will read his works may know, but few people trouble to take this step before condemning him. Now Count Carlo Sforza has written an admirable popular vindication of the Florentine for the Living Thoughts Library (Longmans, \$1.75). This book should prove interesting reading at present, and should do much to clear the reputation of a great thinker.



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John Bracken—the Manitoba Enigma

BY CHARLES CLAY

ON DECEMBER 18 Manitoba ended the fifth and last session of its 20th Legislature, and much to the surprise of everyone the session came off without more than a minor hitch or two.

When Premier John Bracken swallowed the Manitoba Conservative Party last autumn (or was it the Conservative Party that swallowed

Mr. Bracken?), the heads of all the political sages in the West wagged dubiously. But when Mr. Bracken included the Social Crediters and the C.C.F. socialists in his new "government by co-operation" alignment, doubt changed to amazement.

Of course, nothing very much was done at the session just ended. There was very little contentious legislation before the House. Dominated by the shadow of war, with the pending conference on the Sirois Report in mind, and with political agreement over the urgency of measures to offset the Western wheat problem, the various Manitoba political parties had few points on which they could stubbornly misunderstand each other. The result was an innocuous slate of 57 bills passed, most of them amendments to existing statutes.

Primary Producers

The important part of this is in the measures relative to the position of the primary products producers in Manitoba. For two years Mr. Bracken has tried to get the Dominion Government to put Manitoba on a parity with Saskatchewan and Alberta by restoring the Farmers' Creditors Arrangement Act. Ottawa has refused. Once again, this time unanimously, the Manitoba Government makes application for such restoration. If this is not forthcoming in due course, Mr. Bracken has obtained full legislative consent to take provincial steps.

A bill was passed giving Manitoba courts power to reduce principal sums on land mortgages and agreements. Failing action by the Dominion Government to restore the Farmers' Creditors Arrangement Act, the Manitoba Government will proceed to determine whether its new act is within the powers of the Province. If it is, and legal authorities say yes, the act will be proclaimed and will become immediately effective.

The legislation is that which was promised last November in the Speech from the Throne: legislation

Manitoba has an especially interesting election ahead. Though Premier Bracken has taken not only the Manitoba Conservative Party but the Social Crediters and the C.C.F. socialists into his "government by co-operation" coalition, the two latter organizations have announced their intentions of continuing their educative measures among the electorate and are expected to refuse "saw-offs" in various constituencies. Furthermore, many independents are likely to run.

John Bracken has been Premier continuously since 1922, and has a great reputation for achievement and political wisdom. But what would a prolonged period of government with five political parties on the snoop for plums do to this record?

"to protect those upon whom falls an unfair share of the burden of low prices and loss of markets." It is a far-reaching step to take, and if the Federal Government fails to move to the aid of Manitoban debt adjustment, its working out will be of major economic interest and political significance.

Naturally, Western speculation concerns what would have happened during the recently ended session, had Mr. Bracken not drawn his Opposition into his governmental fold. Certainly the Conservatives would have roared thunderously in objection to tampering with the structure of Manitoba's agricultural finance. But with portfolios in Public Works, and Health and Public Welfare, the Conservatives never bleated. At least, the voice of the only bleater, General H. B. D. Ketchen, was lost in the general chorus of approval. The C.C.F., with a portfolio in Labor, viewed the proceedings with equanimity. While the Social Crediters, of whom there are five sitting in the House, split widely: four accepted Mr. Bracken's invitation, and were promptly read out of the Manitoba Social Credit League by the fifth House member, who is president of that League.

New Political Symphony

Such was the first movement of Manitoba's new political symphony.

The other movements are yet to come. Barring the possibility of a short special session after the Dominion-provincial Conference January 14 on the Sirois Report, Manitoba's current Legislature has finished its work. And a special session is unlikely. Members will thus be awaiting announcement of dissolution and the next election. Its date will perhaps depend upon the decisions of the Ottawa deliberations. It must legally come before next August when the life of the Legislature expires.



Robert Davies, Canadian Captain of the Royal Engineers, who was in charge of the removal of the time bomb from the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral. He is one of the first to receive the George Cross—new honor second only to the Victoria Cross.

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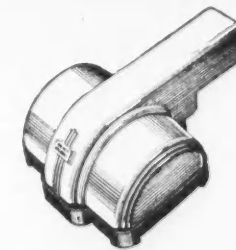
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THE LONDON LETTER

A Time-Bomb on His Shoulder

BY P. O'D.

WHAT would you do—supposing, dear reader, you were a citizen of London—if a time-bomb were to land in a flat next door to your own? Time-bombs are so-called because they take their own time to go off. And nothing is written on them to show just when that time is.

According to the law, it seems, you should notify the authorities—who probably know all about it already—and then should clear out until the bomb-disposal squad has dealt with it, and the police have notified you that it is all right to return.

That is what most of us would do, presumably being prudent and rather timid citizens. A time-bomb is not a pleasant neighbor, and not at all the sort of thing that most people would care to monkey with. But Mr. Leighton Morris, a London bachelor with a flat in fashionable Jermyn Street—fashionable for bachelors, that is—had other ideas.

When a 110-pound time-bomb recently crashed into the flat next door, he went in after it, hoisted it on his shoulder, and was on his way to deposit it in a nice, quiet corner of St. James's Park, when three policemen arrested him. Three, you notice. A gentleman with a time-bomb on his shoulder is not the person that you tap on the other shoulder, with a curt reminder that he had better "come quiet." It is the sort of case that seems to call for diplomacy.

Mr. Morris apparently went along "quiet" enough, though we are not told what was done with the bomb. But it is safe to say that he was not obliged to bring it with him, however important as evidence. No one can blame the court for not wanting to see it.

Next day at Bow Street Mr. Morris was told by the beaks that his conduct had been "extraordinarily courageous but quite intolerable." They fined him £100, or three months. Mr. Morris, with a not unnatural indignation, decided that he would rather go to jail than pay.

That is where he would be right now, if the matter hadn't been brought up in the House of Commons, and the fine reduced by the Home Secretary to £5 which Mr. Morris now says he will pay. He probably thinks he has had at least £5 worth of fun out of it all, besides becoming for the moment a sort of unorthodox national hero.

Everyone is very much pleased at the decision. It would be too bad that a man capable of acting with that sort of resolution, should have to spend three months in jail for it. Admittedly, it would also be too bad if people generally got into the habit of walking around with time-bombs on their shoulder. But somehow there doesn't seem to be much danger of that. This is a law-abiding country. But, however law-abiding, we are all very grateful to Mr. Morris for his impressive exemplification of the spirit of London under fire—even if he did adopt a rather startling method.

NO ONE can doubt the wisdom, in general, of leaving war-jobs to the people who have been appointed to deal with them. I say "in general," because it seems to me that it is possible to carry organization and the careful division of duties to the point where individual initiative gets left out altogether. And that is certainly not a good thing—least of all at a time like this.

Recently, in connection with certain Home Guard activities, I had occasion to call on a Brigadier-General Indian Army, retired—who is in charge of a local area. At the best of times he is probably a rather choleric person. India is apt to put knobs on one's liver and one's temper. But I found him in a state of blistering fury that not even a lifetime of curry could explain. He had been having a row with the A.R.P., and he insisted on telling me all about it—with Bengal lights and everything!

It seems that he had been staging a practice battle with German parachutists, and, by way of getting the local A.R.P. in on it too, had notified them that he had a man shot through the lungs, and needing immediate attention.

"After nearly an hour, the idiots came," said the brigadier, "and I'll be 'd if they weren't part of the Observation lot! It was their

job to observe and report. So they observed the dying man, and went away to report. Then after half an hour or so along came the second lot of blank-blank-blanks, and you won't believe it—but they were part of the Demolition Squad!"

At this point the Brigadier's story became red-hot with the sort of language that unfortunately can only be conveyed by dashes and as-

terisks. I almost thought I could see blue flames playing around his head. I also thought he might bring on a stroke.

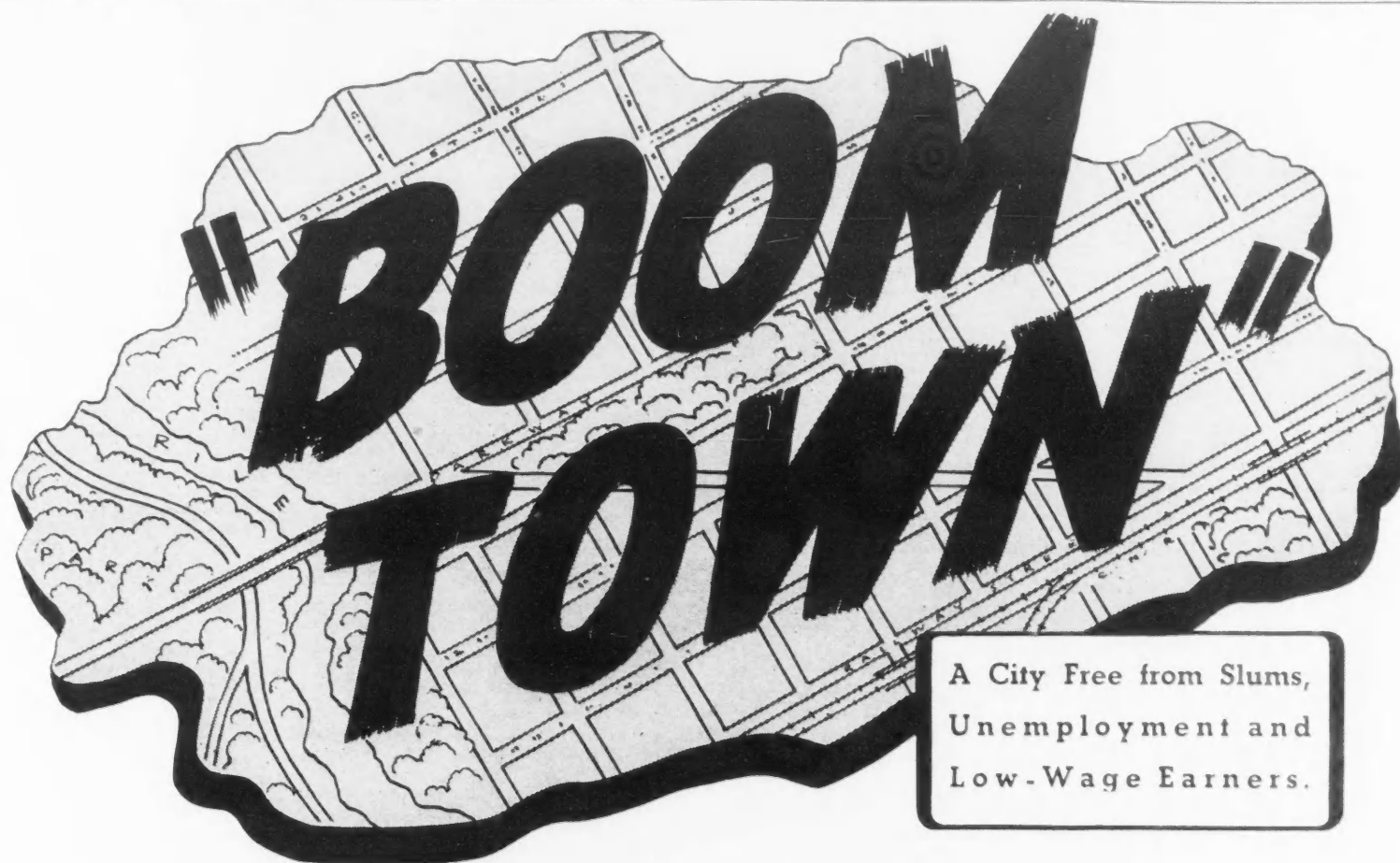
"There was no shattered wall to lift off the poor fellow," he went on, when he recovered his breath, "and nothing they could pull down on top of him, so this lot of blank-blank-

blanks went away like the others. And then finally, after another half hour or more, the First-Aid detachment arrived, and a young lady in uniform tied a bandage around his arm. Around his arm! And he was dying of hemorrhage! Now what the—, , , !!" It went on for quite a long while.

Perhaps it wasn't quite so bad as the flaming brigadier made out, but

I have heard stories not unlike it from A.R.P. workers themselves. They feel that their duties are so carefully divided into separate compartments that very often valuable time is lost, and they are not allowed to do as much as they could and should.

In large cities, where A.R.P. workers are numerous, this division of duties may be useful and even necessary. But in the small towns and villages of the countryside it has its obvious disadvantages. If the A.R.P. workers abide by the rules, it is likely that in real emergencies they don't. Common sense will insist on breaking in. So perhaps there is nothing much to worry about. But my conversation with the brigadier was full of illumination by flashes of lightning!



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Saga of a Tea Car

BY ELSPETH HUXLEY

THERE'S a fleet of 500 tea cars now operating in England and last week I went to investigate how three new ones which have just been put on duty in London are making out. They are all operating in the London area, carrying hot tea and comfort to the men who are fighting back against the bombers. Anti-Aircraft crews, fire-fighters of the Auxiliary Fire Service, wardens, and the tired but stubborn civilians who spend night after night in shelters.

It was at dusk that I climbed aboard one of the three new cars, in one of those nameless suburbs that's been "getting a packet" lately. Beside me sat the driver—an elderly lady with glasses who brought to mind at once thoughts of puttering in the garden with a basket and a pair of scissors, or talking over the Church bazaar with the vicar. Behind, in the body of the car, was the local Mobile Canteen organizer, a brisk lady with a downright manner, lots of pep, and a flair for organizing things.

She handed me a tin hat. "You might need this; sometimes we get the odd bit of shrapnel through the roof of the car."

Our first stop was an A.A. battery, standing by at their gun position on a common, where children used to play. The men were waiting for us, lined up beside the long black guns with mugs in their hands. They all knew the Y.M.C.A. tea-car; it called as regular as clockwork just before the evening show.

The side of the canteen was let down, buns and cookies were displayed on the flap, the tea-urns gurgled in the back. One after the other the men planked down their penny and had their mugs filled to the brim.

Mrs. Barnard, the canteen manager, stood at the tea-urns handing out mugs. They all knew her. She came every evening. Plenty of back-chat went on. She brought a book for one, a six-penny Penguin. The young gunner looked at it rather suspiciously. "Mm, woman's book," he snorted. A packet of razor-blades

for another. "I lend them my iron sometimes," she said. "They want to press their trousers if they're going out with their best girl."

The men had just finished their tea when the evening show began.

Moving On

"Time to be moving on," Mrs. Barnard said. "We've got another call to make." We stopped to give the sentry his tea at the edge of the common—he couldn't be left out—and served it to an accompaniment of deafening roars from the battery just behind us. By this time the crump of bombs was sounding too. Our driver paid them no attention, but chatted of her experience when acting as chauffeur to the Free French Forces under General de Gaulle. She may have looked as though pruning roses was her long suit, but she knew how to drive a mobile canteen.

Our next stop was to serve some air-raid wardens and war police on duty in a badly bombed district. Tea seemed to hit the spot for them no less than for the gunners. There was a big hefty policeman, I should think six feet three or four. Over his mug of tea he was telling a story to the warden. "He was right underneath," he was saying. "Pinned down so he couldn't move an inch." I moved up to hear the end of the story. Some tragedy of the recent raids, I thought.

The guns were punctuating our conversation, but just then something else happened. A terrific roar, and the whole sky seemed to go red. Then some more roars and crashes. All hell seemed to have broken loose. I looked around to see the wardens and policemen flat on their faces. It was a stick of bombs. To use the official phrase I think we were "straddled." More houses gone, of course.

We picked ourselves up and removed as much of the dust as we could. The policeman went on with his story. "Yes, he was right underneath. It was a beautiful tackle," he



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said, "pretty a one as you ever saw." He was talking of last Saturday's football game.

"You boys had all you want?" asked Mrs. Barnard afterwards. She was referring to the refreshment. The police man had a second cup and a bun. Then the canteen part of our car was folded up, the engine started and we moved off to the next port of call.

Later on I called in at Y.M.C.A. headquarters where the women canteen drivers were waiting for a fire.

The tea-cars are treated like fire-engines now. That is, the central control room that sends out the fire-engines when calls come in, also sends for a tea-car when it's wanted. This doesn't happen in the case of ordinary fires—small affairs that are put out at once. It often doesn't happen for nights on end. Then comes a big raid, and a big fire. Men are working on it all night. They get no rest, no refreshment. So towards dawn a call comes through to Y.M.C.A. Metropolitan Headquarters.

"Send a Tea Car down to X" the call says. "There's a fire on."

Fire

The driver and the girl who operates the canteen have been sitting in the kitchen of the Y.M.C.A. hostel, knitting socks. It is nice and warm in there. The water is almost on the boil, the big tea-urns ready. Now the heat is turned fully on, the tea made quickly and put aboard the car, waiting outside in the pitch-black street.

The two girls put on their tin hats and overcoats and go out to the car. The droning still goes on overhead, and the bark of the barrage is continuous. They drive through the blacked-out streets, once so brilliantly lit and gay and crowded, now silent and empty, save for an occasional warden going on his patrol.

Sometimes there's a burst of gunfire overhead, often the rattle of shrapnel hitting the wings of the hood of the big car. Now and again the driver pulls into the side and switches off the engine. She has caught the whine of falling bombs above the engine's hum. When you hear that sound, it's best to wait till they explode.

Soon a red glow lights up the sky ahead. It guides the car quickly to

the outskirts of the fire. Police who've put a cordon round the danger zone wave the car through. A fireman shows it where to park. The canteen girl slips out of the back, lets down the flap, gets the tea ready.

Then the firemen come. Weary after four or five hours' continuous fighting, having a breather before going back in. Their boots glistening with water, their faces stained with grime. They grin at the canteen girls, though, and fork out a penny for their cup of tea.

More to Do

Perhaps the fire is still smouldering when the dawn comes. Perhaps it is out. Anyway, the tea-car canteen's job is not yet done. There is one more call to be made before breakfast.

The public shelters. All night long people have been huddling by the thousand underground, sleeping as best they can on narrow wooden benches, in those long and bleak cement tunnels so many Londoners regard almost as home.

But a queer home. No warm bed, no undisturbed sleep, no breakfast. Out to work at six-thirty or seven, off to the factory or shop or office without warm food and drink.

That is where the tea-cars come in. Back from the fires—once their wheels were encrusted in caramel from the sugar washed around them when a warehouse caught fire—they line up outside the public shelters, ready for the morning exodus.

It is before sunrise, now, when they assemble. Soon it will be before dawn. In the dark and cold they wait for the shelter-dwellers to emerge from the depths, ready for their next day's work. Ready, but hungry and perhaps cold, sighing for that early morning cup of tea they always had perhaps brought to them in bed, perhaps made on an electric kettle while they shaved or dressed.

And miraculously, it is there. Comfort and warmth and cheerfulness out of the dark bulk of the canteen drawn up by the side of the road, near the ramp leading up from the shelter. Something to wash away the stale taste of the cement shelter's crowded air, to steam the heaviness out of the head, to brace the spirit for a new day. Something, too, to show that the shelter-dweller is not forgotten, left to face his problems alone.



A felicitous white silk jersey hostess gown, slide fastened from hem to waist. Deep pockets and emphatic shoulders are padded and quilted while a narrow line of gold kid edges sleeves and pockets. The pearl studded bracelet is a pleasantly apt addition. Robert Simpson Company.

Tartans—And Some of Their Interpreters

BY FLORA MacDONALD

YEARS ago when audiences took their melodrama neat, outward appearance, dress and gestures had to "place" a stage character immediately. So there were certain definite symbols or conventions—a martial moustache, red hair or nose, a black gown, a slouch hat—that told the audience immediately what to expect of each character. Since the rebellion of 1745, when the Act forbidding Highland dress had given the people outside Scotland a knowledge that there were checks and tartans and plaids and trews, a stage-Scotsman was recognized by his display of a piece of tartan check somewhere about his person. Thus, before he had uttered a word, everybody in the audience was aware "Here comes a Scot."

But while the audience liked to "place" the play's characters, they did not like to be disturbed by lines and styles that were unfamiliar. So when a play was laid in another



The Pictures (left to right):

Pleated tartan skirts were worn by Victorian children . . . The baroque actor who wore a tartan tunic over Roman armour.

Today Mrs. Neil Fraser Tytler, commandant of the Inverness A.T.S., wears a Cameron tartan skirt. The kilt is a purely masculine garment . . . A Directoire actor in close-fitting tartan trews . . . Frenchwomen of fashion (1834) equipped for rain or shine.



Henriette Sonntag, Countess of Rossi, the great singer, as she appeared at Covent Garden in "The Lady Of The Lake" . . . To the Queen's taste—furnishings and hangings at Balmoral Castle during Victoria's regime.

Several of the above illustrations are from engravings in the Gabrielle Enthoven Collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

period, costumes of the period showed a strong contemporary influence.

"Now it is fashionable for ladies to tilt their hats over one eye, my chorus of Valkyries will tilt their helmets too!" a famous stage-manager was once heard to complain. Racine's classical heroines wore their Roman tunics over a Louis XIV bustle. One of the first actors to appear in the role of Norval, a Scot, in the once famous 18th century drama "Douglas" by Home, wore his tartan plaid as any baroque actor of his times wore his draperies. Fifteen years later, a new Norval went on to the London stage again in Scottish tartan. By this time French sansculotte were active on the political stage and the style of the Directoire made slim lines fashionable, so tight-fitting Scottish trews seemed a more appropriate costume to indicate the stage-Scotsman. Again in 1812, there was a volte-face of politics and fashion, and the classical ideal of the Roman soldier-citizen tempted the designer of a Norval costume to dress the valiant hero in Roman armor. To make him appear an authentic Scot, however, he slung a tartan plaid over his shoulder and put a Scottish beret on his head.

Scotch Blend

In 1814, Sir Walter Scott's first Waverley novel was published and caused an immediate sensation. As Rousseau and Werther had fashioned the habits, ideals and dresses of their generation, so Scott's fiction created a fashion for the 19th century. Admiration of Walter Scott fostered romantic ideas of the Highlands, and Scottish tartan checks became the rage.

In 1822, King George IV paid his first visit to Edinburgh, and Sir Walter made the festivities a blazing

(Continued on Page 20)



CONCERNING FOOD

Happy Landings For 1941

BY JANET MARCH

"IT'S really patriotic to buy it. The government takes practically the whole price, and besides what could you do Christmas week without it?" The voice came over the roar of the dryers from the next cubicle. Whisk went the water and silence followed. Maybe the temperance boys and girls can answer that one satisfactorily but I can't. "It" is an important bit of the holiday season and this particular year will have to be depended on to give off nearly all the holiday spirit that is going. Certainly the government takes a handsome whack at the price, so that if your conscience is getting active about extravagance in war time soothe the bothersome fellow with a strong drink, telling him as it slides down his throat that an awful lot of the price is going to buy bombers that should hold him!

Everyone knows the Bible is the best reading in the world. If you have a little time and haven't already often done it turn up the Apocrypha as well, for it reads as if it was translated by the same genius who worded the Bible. In these days of searching for war aims and brooding a good deal about democracy a lot of speakers behave as if they had the thing in their pockets and could take it out and peek at it and then put it back till they need it again—the nice simple biblical language is a comfort. "For they fought for their lives and their laws," says the Book of Macabees of the forces of Judas. There's a good brief statement of war aims.

Turn up Proverbs if you want an excuse for a drink. "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and remember his misery no more." Well are you ready for a quick one now?

Rum is a fine winter drink and you can make a lot of good cocktails with it. You probably know that is a very alcoholic drink, particularly Demerara rum which has been known to run to 160 proof which in plain English means about 75% alcohol. This will reduce the highest grade of misery to merely a mild ache. Once Christmas is over time ceases running like a greyhound

and you can pause and sit down occasionally. For a meditative cocktail there's nothing like an Old Fashioned. The conversation improves while you stir and crunch the sugar in the little squat tumblers. You might like to try this one which is really an Old Fashioned with rum instead of Bourbon. By the way you know that a jigger is an ounce and a half and a pony is an ounce.

Jamaican Cocktail

- 2 jiggers of rum
- 2 tablespoons of ice water
- 2 tablespoons of molasses
- 1 dash of Angostura bitters or orange bitters if you like the taste better.

Shake with cracked ice.

The French are not great cocktail lovers. Their apéritifs seem to take the form of Du Bonnet or plain Vermouth which seems to our Martini trained palates strong and queer, taken plain. The days of Vermouth cocktails in this country seem numbered, but here is a recipe for a French cocktail which can be highly recommended. Of course like all cocktails with liqueurs aboard it has a good deal of a kick.

French Cherry Cocktail

- 1 jigger of dry gin
- 1/4 jigger of kirsch
- 1/4 jigger of cherry brandy

Serve with one green and one red cherry in the bottom of each glass, or if you think that makes too much cherry in a not very big cocktail glass leave off the red one. Use those big good looking green cherries which are bottled with the stalks on so that you no longer need to give yourself a crick in the neck to get the cherry into your mouth. It was a smart idea of the bottler.

Rum Old Fashioned

- 1 teaspoon of honey
- 1 1/2 jiggers of rum

Serve in Old Fashioned glasses which have been half filled with finely cracked ice. This is best if you use half Bacardi and half Haitian if you can lay your hands on

this, but it's pretty good on a cold day with any rum you have. Highly recommended after a day of skiing.

Mexican Rum Cocktail

- 4 jiggers of rum
- The juice of two limes or one juicy lemon if there are no limes
- Juice of 1 1/2 average sized oranges
- 2 teaspoons of grenadine

Shake well. This cocktail is often served in largish glasses with cracked ice still in the drink.

Hors d'oeuvres and canapés seem to be getting simpler again after reaching an all time high a year or so ago with fancy things done with pastry tubes and cheese. England seems to be able to give us any amount of marvelous biscuits still and no housekeeper will be without a tin or some cartons on her shelves. The little shell ones are particularly useful and can be converted into a fine trimming for any drink at a moment's notice. If the budget doesn't run to caviar some of the domestic types of pâté de fois gras are quite good enough to please anyone, and should be on every careful housekeeper's shelf. England still sends us the little inimitable jars of fish and meat pastes which no one does quite as well.

Of course hot cocktail sausages are grand, and so are all the cheesy things which are whisked from under the broiler into the living room. If you look around at cocktail parties these days though, you will usually find some plates of good old fashioned sandwiches, at least you'll find them if they haven't all been eaten. Everyone has their own pet sandwich but here are a few of the stand-bys.

Lobster

Mash canned lobster with mayonnaise, add a touch of anchovy paste and put a little water cress in too.

Tomato and Sardine

Sardines are getting more and more expensive but you might have a last fling with a can. Mash up some of them, season with salt and pepper and a taste of lemon juice and spread, then cover with the very thinnest slices of peeled tomatoes which your sharpest knife can cut.

Pepper Cress and Egg

Hard boil the eggs and chop them very finely. Add a little Worcester Sauce and dry mustard and either soft butter or mayonnaise and spread with pepper cress. These are good in rolls with the cress sticking out at the ends.

Tartans — And Some Of Their Interpreters

(Continued from Page 19)

triumph of tartan and kilts. Even the stout Hanoverian monarch submitted to appearing in the scanty highland garb of Stuart tartan. Checks then became the vogue in England. Only five years later, Paris took the inspiration of a check fashion from the success of Boieldieu's opera "La Dame Blanche" with its Scottish setting. "Ecosais" as they called it, was de rigueur; and it made its appearance on dresses and coats, ribbons and sashes, hats and umbrellas, flounces and frills.

Queen Victoria, who decorated her Scottish border castle in the grand manner with Balmoral tartan for cushions and curtains, carpets and covers, revived the fashion. Whenever a happy event took place in the royal family, a wedding or christening, her subjects expressed their loyalty and interest by wearing checks, just as the visit of Queen Elizabeth to this continent inspired fashion designers to make tartans the fashion.

When the Walter Scott rage was at its height, there were Amy-Robsart-silks, masquerade balls were given by the British Embassy in Vienna under the motto of "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward," and a Berlin grocer sold "Walter Scott-groats,"



Flamingo red crepe evening gown with very décolleté bodice, twisted shoulder straps and full circular skirt with flared peplum. A flamingo bird embroidered in dull silver and gold girdles the waistline.



She takes a peek at Picasso on a Sunday afternoon visit to her favorite gallery, while others look at her costume which features matching accessories. The frame of her handbag is set with masses of topaz and pale green brilliant-cut stones. Other jewellery matches the bag.

A good MIXER

Genial companion to good times in where-ever that is AYLMEY Grape Juice. Brilliant partner for your favourite ginger ale or other "mixers". Suggestions for serving accompany every bottle.

AYLMEY Brand is the pure, undiluted juice of Canada's finest grapes. On sale at your grocers in two popular sizes.

AYLMEY GRAPE JUICE Natural Flavour

FILM PARADE

Machines and Men

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

I HAPPEN to be so constituted that I can't see a man change the washer on a kitchen tap without being dazzled by the scope of resourcefulness of the masculine imagination. So naturally the higher mechanics involved in a picture like "Flight Command" leaves me practically incapable of judgment; except to wonder why it is that men who are so inspired and omniscient in relation to the machine have to behave like infuriated kindergarten tots in relation to each other.

All the machinery in "Flight Command" makes incomparable sense. None of the people make any sense at all. There's the landing gadget for instance which is the central mechanical device of the plot. It's a complicated little box of tricks made up of coils, transformers, converters, and indicators in a neat bakelite case and when you set it up and switch on the current it's supposed to pull a lost aviator safely to the ground out of a pea-soup fog. (Maybe I haven't got the details quite right here but that's the general idea.)

Well, what does the operative young inventor of this device do when he finds that through some simple oversight his machine won't work? He flies into a screaming fit, curses everyone in sight and orders his mechanic to bring up a couple of sledge hammers and knock the darned contraption to pieces. Then in pops Robert Taylor and makes a few beaming suggestions; and presto

the thing works. Our genius immediately hurls himself into the cockpit, rushes out into the night and gets himself killed.

After that everyone goes crazy. The squadron commander's wife (Ruth Hussey) distracted with grief, falls in love with Robert Taylor, and rushes off East. The Commander (Walter Pidgeon) decides to abandon his career. So does Robert Taylor. Nobody will speak to anybody else. Then word comes that an army plane is down at sea and the whole squadron streams off to the rescue. Before long the Commander's plane cracks and everybody turns about and starts to rescue him. (I'm sorry to have to go into all this plot detail but I can't convey the peculiar quality of the film without it.) Robert Taylor after negotiating a Stonehenge landscape set with giant monoliths, picks up the Commander and triumphantly leads the squadron home. Everybody grounds safely, thanks to the landing device which works perfectly at last. There is handshaking and reconciliation all round and nobody seems to know or care what becomes of the wrecked army plane, which is simply left awash, or to any of its crew who are last seen hopefully sending up Vorey flares.

All right, so it's only a picture; a picture of a world where people are wonderfully emotional about their mechanics and purely mechanical and unthinking about their emotions. Humanly speaking the

film is fantastic. Technically it is superbly convincing, so that half the time you are leaning out of your seat with excitement. I hate to think that it is a parable of our civilization but the fact remains that you come away from it feeling the real Zeitgeist the times demand is some calm supernal nursemaid who will take our gifted but furiously infantile race in hand and teach it. Heaven knows how, that it's just as important to be sensible as it is to be smart.

BY COMPARISON with "Flight Command" "A Dispatch from Reuters" set in the easy-going middle Nineteenth Century, seemed a very calm and slow-moving affair. This is the story of how the great Reuter (Edward G. Robinson) established the modern system of news-distribution, first by carrier pigeon, later by telegraph, with on-the-spot news coverage. Reuter's theory, as set forth by Mr. Robinson, was that by shortening distance and the time lapse in news conveyance, he could bring the nations of the world to a better knowledge and understanding of each other. And it is certainly very odd to reflect that today, with distances shortened and news distribution perfected beyond Reuter's wildest dreams the most reliable news from Europe comes by world-of-mouth or by carrier-stork.

"A Dispatch from Reuters" is a good Nineteenth Century success story. Like most success stories it is more interesting as an account of a career than as a description of a character. Mr. Robinson conscientiously supplies the portrait of a great inventor who is hampered by the ignorance and stubbornness of the skeptics and supported throughout by the loyalty of a dauntless wife (Edna Best). The pattern is familiar but the material is new and occasionally exciting.

Shelter Romances

The following are actual incidents of the bombing of London, sent to us by a Canadian long resident in England, who vouches for their truth. Editor.

I HAD fallen out with my husband. I had somehow thought he had ceased to care for me. I was jealous and very unhappy.

One night the siren went and I was alone. In the darkness I went up the road to the shelter for company. Sad, nerve-ridden and cold, I sat among all those chattering people.

None of them I thought—was as unhappy as I. Just then there was a terrible gun-burst. I thought a bomb had fallen. I began to cry a little.

Soon an arm stole around me—my head was upon a man's shoulder—and I cried some more, for it was my husband, whom I love so dearly.

He loved me still and we are making a fresh start, thank God.

(Mrs.) G. H.

OWING to the call-up of my brothers I have been left on my own in a house, which has a deep cellar.

This I have converted into a shelter and a sitting room.

I was in this shelter following a warning a few weeks ago when a knock at the door caused me to in-

vite the caller into my dug-out.

The visitor was a lady gas collector, and as the meter is in the cellar she stayed till the "All clear."

And now, instead of a call each quarter, I get four calls a week, and very soon she will make one call only and that will be a permanent one.

(Mr.) T. E.

FOR a long time I have been in love with a man who works in my office, but he has never taken the slightest notice of me.

One day as the air-raid warning sounded, he refused to go down to the shelter just outside the office.

I warned him of the danger of staying in the top floor of the building, but he was not impressed.

Suddenly I saw his glasses lying on top of his desk. Without these I knew he was unable to work, so I grabbed them and made towards the door. He followed me as far as the shelter.

Suddenly we heard a whistle—and a crash. A bomb had badly damaged our office.

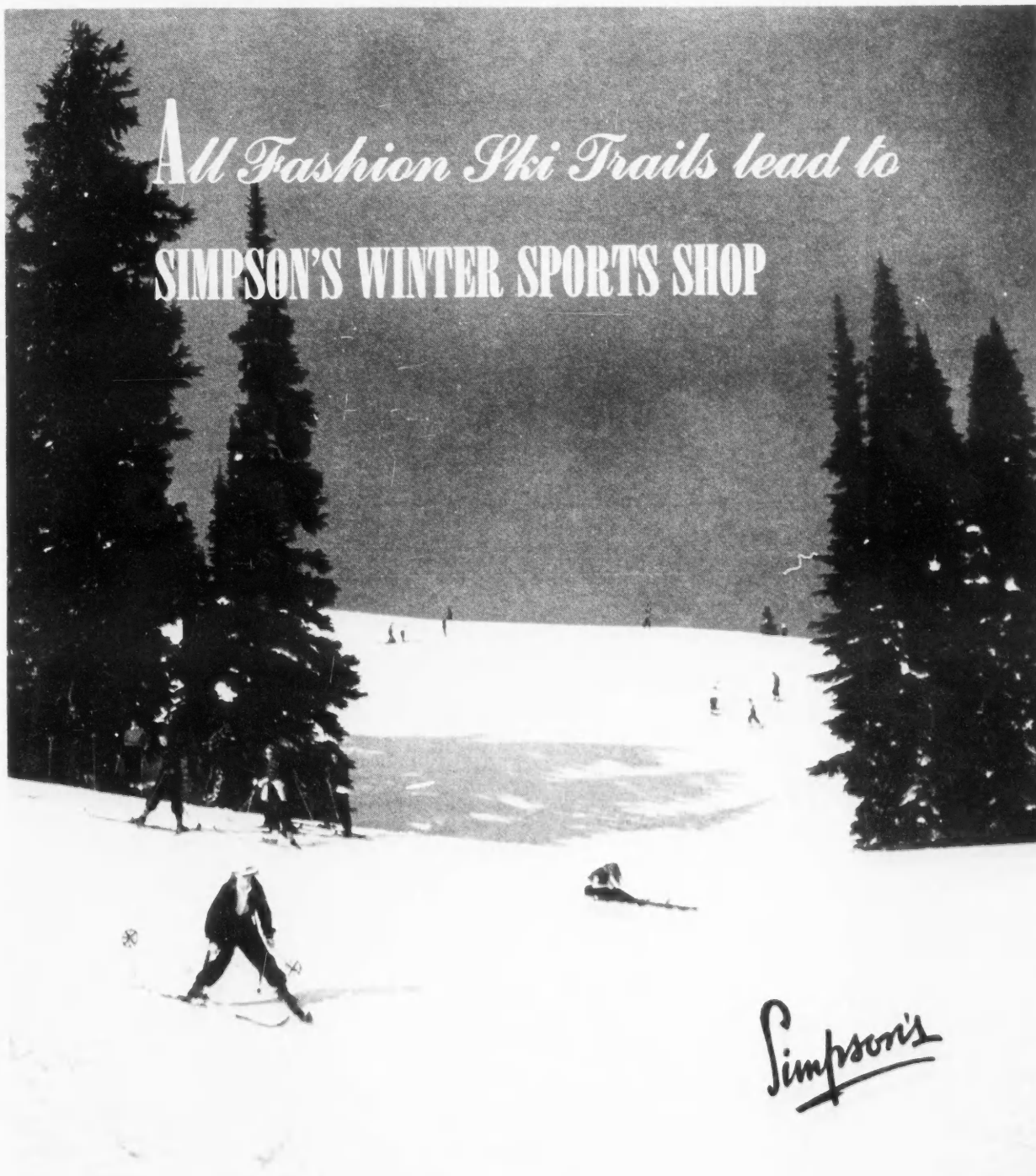
As we inspected the damage he warmly pressed my hand and said, "I have to thank you; perhaps I even owe you my life."

Since then we have been the greatest of friends.

(Miss) R. W.



These British munitions workers send a message to Hess, Nazi No. 4.



Dear Mr. Sandwell,

I am so grateful to you for sending me the article by my old friend Thomas, Knapton.

It paints a most flattering picture of my younger days. And I like to think the portrait is a true one.

There is a well founded confidence here that we are turning the corner. Next Spring may well be the crucial time. But the position today is far better than could have been hoped for after the collapse of France.

The flow of materials and men from Canada enables us from day to day to grow stronger. Without that flow the future would be dark. Assured of it we begin to see the daylight.

Yours sincerely,

Beaverbrook

B.K. Sandwell, Esq.,
Managing Editor,
"Saturday Night,"
Toronto.

The letter from Lord Beaverbrook, reproduced herewith, was received in this office only last week. It is of so encouraging yet so authoritative a nature that we have thought our readers would like to see it in its original form.

ON BLEURY STREET, below St. Catherine Street, in Montreal, is a row of old limestone houses which were once highly genteel. Today, they have achieved a somewhat decrepit old age with steps and doorways rapidly falling out of plumb, and extensions at odd angles thrust out from grey façades, announcing the sale of miscellaneous articles.

Such an extension has almost hidden No. 1207 from the eyes of the passerby. Attracted by a polished brass plate on the doorway in striking contrast to the "Rooms to let" signs everywhere else, one is inclined to pause, climb the short flight of steps and read the name. It is simply E. Dyonnet.

Above it, there is another brass plate. Its surface unpolished and unlettered. Then, if your memory can carry you back over a quarter of a century, or if you are impressionable to the spirit of old doorways, you will remember that this plate was not always bare. There was a time when the name, E. Dyonnet, was not written there in austere loneliness, for beside it there was another—the name of William Brymner.

At the turn of the century these two men, William Brymner and Edmond Dyonnet, were leaders of the artistic scene in Montreal. While Brymner taught at the Art Association, first on Phillips Square, then in the present Gallery on Sherbrooke Street, Dyonnet taught at the Council of Arts and Trades and at the Ecole Polytechnique. Their influence as teachers as well as painters was great, the more so since they were comrades, devoting their combined lives, as it were, to their work. While Brymner was President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, Dyonnet was secretary. Their social lives, they were both bachelors, were wrapped up in the Pen and Pencil Club, of which Brymner was a founder and Dyonnet a member during its first year. Their ideas and aims in life were similar. Together, the force of their personalities did much to advance the appreciation of art in Montreal.

It was natural then that much of this artistic urge centred around 1207 Bleury Street. The house was owned by G. W. Hill, R.C.A., who had his studio in the basement. Mr. Brymner had both his studio and living quarters on the first floor, while Dyonnet had, as he has today, the entire top floor as his workshop. To this house came all visiting artists and students. Here too were held the meetings of the Pen and Pencil Club—in the days when every member was inspired and every inspiration led to a work of art.

IF YOU take the trouble to climb the old grey steps today, push open the heavily panelled door, and follow the sign which advises you "E. Dyonnet, R.C.A., Top floor," you will find yourself two flights up, under a great skylight and in the midst of artistic chaos.

The man who has been clicking industriously at a typewriter has heard your footsteps and comes to meet you. You see a vigorous gentleman who looks intently out of shrewd grey eyes not at all lessened in keenness by his eighty-one years. He will greet you with charming politeness.

IT IS of his old friend William Brymner (1855-1925) he speaks first of his brilliant mind, his great strength of will and character. Brymner was at the very height of his power, having been honored with the C.M.G., when on that fatal May day in 1917 he was stricken. Dyonnet cannot describe it without emotion. When there was some slight recovery, Horatio Walker invited the friends to visit him at his home on the Island of Orleans. His recovery, never more than partial, was very slow. He was to live eight years, but his creative powers were practically destroyed.

Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A., (1849-1919) used to be an enthusiastic member of the Pen and Pencil Club. Harris lived long enough to find fame, and died full of honors. Distinguished as a portrait painter, he painted the familiar "Fathers of Confederation," the original of which was burned when fire destroyed the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa during the great War. He had been President and one of the founders of the Royal Canadian Academy. He was an excellent

A Life For The Academy

BY CESAR COUTURE

Is this article worth reading? We suggest you try it and see. It is the story of Edmond Dyonnet, for thirty years secretary of the Royal Canadian Academy, portrait-painter, teacher, academician, of his dead and gone friend William Brymner, and of his associates over many years, a brilliant galaxy of artists and art-lovers, ranging from Painters Suzor-Coté and J. M. Barnsley to Railway President Sir William Van Horne.

Mr. Dyonnet has given most of his life to furthering Canadian painting and serving the Royal Canadian Academy. He has done much, as this article shows you.

portrait painter and for many years had the reputation of being the best in Canada. Dyonnet describes him as having been a man of retiring disposition, who never pushed himself anywhere, but was witty and the best of company when with his own crowd. Today in Charlottetown, where he spent his childhood, a beautiful gallery stands in his memory.

The strange genius of J. M. Barnsley (1861-1929) flashed across the horizon of Canadian art forty years ago. Although born in Toronto, his family moved to St. Louis when he was quite young. He was a precocious painter—having started to draw when he was a small child. His mother, whose life in some curious way seems to have been wrapped up in his work, brought him to Montreal to live when he was still in his teens. She took him to Paris when he was twenty, and there, quite without introductions of any kind, she had his paintings exhibited at the Salon. They remained in Paris five years, and he did some remarkable work. On their return to Canada, his paintings became tremendously popular. Tragedy followed him, however, and at thirty he became hopelessly insane, although he lived to be sixty-eight years of age. It seems incredible that the great number of pictures left by Barnsley were painted before he was thirty.

MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A., (1866-1934) became famous by his pictures of snow-covered country. Dyonnet says that his endurance of cold was remarkable, and that he could sketch long hours in the most bitter weather, discovering all those little nuances of shade and color in the snow that make his pictures so interesting. He had suffered many privations in early life, when he determined to study and gave up everything for his art. He deserved every honor he so rightfully received.

J. W. Morrice, R.C.A., (1865-1924), home at intervals from Paris, used to spend hours at the studio discussing the European artistic scene with the friends. Morrice came back regularly to Montreal to visit his family, but his heart was in Paris where he seems to have found his spiritual home, and his work, early recognition.

Suzor-Coté, R.C.A., (1869-1937) was an artist in the truest sense of the word. He was as good a sculptor as he was a painter, and Dyonnet recalled he had gone to Paris to study singing. He had hopes of Grand Opera for a career, but on arrival in Paris he lost his voice, and it was only after discovering that it would never come back that he decided to take up painting. He studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at the same time as Henri Matisse, and used to say that Matisse was a very good student and an orthodox painter when he was young.

Louis-Philippe Hébert, C.M.G., R.C.A., (1850-1917) designed some of Canada's most famous monuments, as well as the statues of Indians which were so popular. He lived much of the time in Paris, which city and school of thought seems to have played a large part in influencing Canadian Art. He had a large family, and two of his sons, Henri the sculptor and Adrien, the painter, are carrying on the Hébert tradition.

Horatio Walker, R.C.A., LL.D., (1858-1938) has left us magnificent landscapes. He loved to paint the habitant doing his work around the farm. His particular type of drawing as well as his subjects earned for him the title of the Canadian Millet, some years ago.

G. Horne Russell, R.C.A., (1861-1933) was especially good at marine

paintings. He loved the sea and could hardly bear to be away from it. His home was at St. Andrews-by-the-sea, where he died. While he loved to paint the sea in all its moods, with its fisher-folks, its boatmakers, and its net-menders, he has left us many outstanding portraits, one, that of Dean Adams of McGill. There we see the artist as a really great portrait painter.

John Hammond, R.C.A., (1834-1939) painted those charming pictures of New Brunswick with the landscape foggy and full of atmosphere. He lived to be ninety-six years old.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, who lived from 1843 to 1915, was a man of remarkably wide interests. He was a true cosmopolite. Besides being an economist, the president of a great railway, he was a connoisseur of art in all its forms—from that of living and dining well to that of building and decorating a home. He painted pictures in his spare time, mostly by electric light, and was a member of the Pen and Pencil Club. One of his great pleasures was to show his fine collection of pictures and his wonderful collection of Japanese pottery.

ACCORDING to Dyonnet himself, his own work has not been anything to talk about. He has always been one of those hard-working fellows who just do their best to get along. He was born in Crest in Southern France, and his parents moved about considerably. They went to Italy when he was nine and he was educated in Turin; they then came to Montreal. He always wanted to paint and as there was no school of art in Montreal when he was twenty, he returned to Italy where he entered the Accademia Albertina and studied under those famous teachers, Gilardi

and Gastaldi. He made great progress and exhibited pictures at the International Exhibition in Rome before returning to Montreal. In 1891 he became head teacher of drawing at the Council of Arts and Trades, a position held by him for thirty-one years. From 1907 to 1923 he was Professor of drawing at l'Ecole Polytechnique. In 1920 he joined the staff of McGill University as special instructor in freehand drawing in the Department of Architecture and retired in 1936. From 1925 to 1930 Mr. Dyonnet was in charge of the Art School of the Art Association of Montreal and for fifteen years he conducted the evening classes of the Royal Canadian Academy in Montreal.

Besides all this academic work, in itself prodigious, his own creative genius was struggling for expression. He became known as one of the outstanding portrait painters in Canada. Among the best known examples of his work are his portrait of C. E. L. Porteous of the Island of Orleans, his portraits of the Rev. T. Lafleur and of his son, Eugène Lafleur, K.C. This latter picture hangs today in the Court House as does his picture of Senator Foster, K.C. Among other jurists, he has painted an excellent portrait of Hon. Justice E. Fabre-Surveryer. In Synod Hall hangs the splendid portrait of Archbishop Bond, while those of Dr. L. de Lotbinière Harwood in the University of Montreal and of Lieut.-Col. Jeffrey Burland in the Royal Edward Institute are equally striking. He has done some vivid portraits of himself; the one painted only two years ago and exhibited at the R.C.A. show in Toronto, shows remarkable strength. He won silver medals for portraits both at the Pan-American exhibition in Buffalo in 1901 and at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition in St. Louis in 1904. He was elected an

Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy in 1893 and a full Academician in 1901. He has been secretary of the Academy since 1910.

HE HAD another experience in the same year of 1910 which he is not likely to forget. He was sent over to England—the boat sailing on the 5th of May—with fourteen cases of paintings, the work of Canadian artists, to be part of a great exhibition being given for the Festival of Empire planned for that year. At Rimouski the news was brought to the ship that King Edward had died. As Dyonnet feared, on arrival at Liverpool he was told that the Festival was off. Here he was with fourteen cases of paintings—the result of much work and thought—which he was supposed to put back on the ship unopened. He made up his mind that he was not going to take those pictures back to Canada without first showing them. He got in touch with the Hon. Sidney Fisher, who was then in London. Nothing could be done until after the funeral of the King. Having a few days at his disposal Dyonnet enquired if there was a gallery in London which could be rented for an exhibition. As all the galleries were booked for six months ahead the case appeared hopeless when Dyonnet made the acquaintance of Sir Alfred East, who on hearing of his plight suggested that the exhibition take place at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, and gave him a letter of introduction to the President of the Gallery. Dyonnet went back to Liverpool and had an interview with the president and curator of the Walker Art Gallery, who said that they could arrange for the exhibition in July if an application was in their hands not later than the next two days. He cabled to Brymner, who was President of the Academy, for authorization and went back to London to see Mr. Fisher and found that he was out of town. Permission was received from Brymner, an hour before the time it would have been too late, and Mr. Fisher returned and gave his consent. With fifteen minutes ahead of him Dyonnet telegraphed to Liverpool and the exhibition was held at the Walker Art Gallery in July.

He has in his clipping book the most eulogistic press notices written in England at the time. Most of these express amazement that there should be so much culture in the "colonies." Most of them also comment on it as being the début of Canadian painting, but Dyonnet explains that that was an error on the part of the press, as there had been an exhibition in England in 1886 of Canadian paintings, though he believes those artists, while living in Canada, were not painting the Canadian scene.

DYONNET is like that. He simply cannot be fooled by dates or facts. If he is doubtful, he will consult a book; his shelves and cupboards are piled high with what must be invaluable information. He has clippings of everything that has been written about art or artists in Canada.

"And do you approve of modern art?" was the next innocent question. The mustache bristled, the eyes flashed. Mr. Dyonnet simply could not find words to express himself.

"If you mean contemporary art—there is plenty of it that is good, wonderful, but if you mean what I think you mean—the use of that word applied to bad drawing and bad painting, I agree with the director of a museum in New York who said that it is a combination of the childish, the savage and the lunatic."

"But Mr. Dyonnet, you are so kind about everything else and so tolerant about your fellow man—after all, the world changes, we must move on—you can't be one of those who don't hold with change. People will get what they want, you know."

Ah! His face positively shone. "So you think it's the people who want this kind of thing, do you? Well, let me tell you what a spring exhibition was like, not so many years ago. A man would come to see the pictures. He would come again and again. He would sit in front of a certain picture for hours. He would literally fall in love with it. Then he would buy it. Each year there were thousands of dollars' worth of pictures sold at the exhibitions right here in our city. And today, I am asking you—how many? how many?"



Julie Stevens and Elliott Nugent in Thruher's "The Male Animal" which plays for 3 days at the Royal Alexandra, Toronto, beginning Dec. 25.

Gothic Interlude

BY JEFFREY DE WYATTVILLE

THERE are very few today who would confess to being real romantics. Lest I be misunderstood at the outset, I do not refer to lovesick swains or maidens, whose romanticism runs to moonlit nights, which appal me, or sunsets, which are tolerable painted by Turner, and always in bad taste in nature. Mine is the romanticism of a generation whose mothers read Harrison Ainsworth while in a delicate condition, and passed on to their children a love of Gothic churches, of streets and houses, and a melancholy curiosity which leads them into crypts and graveyards. For such people no day is boring, no journey could possibly be tedious. Only the North Country can be a bore, and thither for one reason or another I had gone year after year. The memories of screaming motor boats, the feeding out of cans, the jungle sounds from the dance hall across the lake, the primitive plumbing, the flies, the threading worms on women's hooks—all passed before me as in a nightmare, and in the spring of 1940, I decided to see southern Ontario.

I had to have a companion and Buddha was luckily available. Buddha, really, was essential to the expedition because she is one of those rare friends with whom one disagrees so pleasantly on so many subjects that there is never a dull moment. Bernard Shaw would like her, and she might have stepped out of one of his plays. She has a first class mind in a cold, analytical sort of way, strangely packed with information on unexpected subjects. She is essentially urban; the country, for her, being something which by a purely fortuitous set of circumstances surrounded the city and could be relied upon to provide the inhabitants of the latter with food and, via Paris, raiment. Altogether, a thoroughly likeable wench whose unromanticism served as a spur and a goad to arouse me at the right time to a lyrical appreciation of the beauty she pretended not to see.

ON OUR first trip (and we made about fifty in all) we went to St. James Cathedral in Toronto. It may have passed through my mind that the whole business was in the nature of a crusade, and crusades always started in an abbey, but the chief reason was to get ourselves in a thoroughly Gothic mood. It was highly successful. In the south porch, which is only used when the whole congregation goes to the Cathedral at Christmas and Easter, I was able to point out my two favorite grave stones.

One was to a workman, Wm. Butcher, late of Walpole, Suffolk, who fell off the scaffolding of the main tower and was killed in 1839. The stone reads:

"Why raise we thus the Monumental Stone
To boast the virtues of the friend
That's gone!
No reader no, to teach whilst thus we
Sorrow,
Sudden as his, our time may end to-morrow."

I have always liked that stone because it suggested a rather touching medieval respect for the craftsman. Nowadays, such an accident would receive some slight notice in the paper with emphasis on the velocity of the wind, but there would be no memorial.

The other is a very large slab of marble which gives an account of a young man, a midshipman in the provincial navy, whose life was full of promise, when in his 18th year a "great blight came" and "he was consigned to an early grave on the 12th day of July 1817." Buddha was awfully interested in the "great blight," and I was able to inform her that this was an unhappy duel, and was fought not very far from where we stood. The slab was beautifully worded and wonderfully cut. I insisted on seeing all the stones and we spent so much time at it, especially translating one from the Latin, that we did not spend long inside.

Rather, I thought, to please me, Buddha asked to see the crypt; and I had to explain that in Canada such places were used for lavatories and heating pipes as in St. James—or for bowling alleys and socials in places of other denomination. It is very sad. However, St. James has a tunnel which we explored, and found it end in rather a dreary building like a gymnasium. We retraced our steps through the Cathedral, and paused to look at Bishop Strachan in a stained glass window with the plans of the Cathedral on his knees; and further down, on the east side, we read the fine brass to Col. Sir Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski whose name has never ceased to fascinate me. Such a name might come as less of a shock on a tomb in Rhodes or Jerusalem, in which case it would not surprise one to know that its owner had spent his life in search of the Holy Grail and had died sword in hand against the Infidel Turk.

OUR next visit was to York Mills. York Mills is rather a pathetic place. It was in the beginning a quiet

Ontario village near enough to Toronto to provide certain security for the inhabitants, who dealt in flour and other farm products, and far enough away not to be contaminated. The motor car and the street car have changed all that. York Mills with its little stuccoed houses remains on the diameter of a semi-circle, but is surrounded and overshadowed by the Jacobean and Georgian houses of the well-to-do on the perimeter.

Most of the original houses are built of mud bricks, sun-dried in the Biblical manner, and protected by a stucco hardened by white of egg. Buddha, woman-like, wanted to know where the thousands of yolks went, if thousands of whites went into the stucco. I was unable to answer this, but promised to ask an old lady in Oakville who remembered stucco being made in this fashion. Sir Christopher Wren put white of egg into the plaster of St. Paul's, but did not mention it, as the waste of yolk, or the gargantuan baking that must have gone on in London during the building, would assume unbelievable proportions.

The pride and glory of York Mills is its Anglican Church, St. John's, which we visited and sketched. It is a curious fact that while the Ontario pioneer had no sense at all for orientation, either in regard to view, on which he invariably turned his back, or in regard to sunlight, which he ignored, he showed an uncanny dramatic sense in locating his place of worship. We could mention a dozen examples, and St. John's is one of them. It has a fine tower which is a landmark for miles around and stands almost on the edge of a cliff at the foot of which is the original village. I liked the antique look of the interior, which Buddha would have preferred in white paint, pews and all, but we were both delighted with the brass plate to the verger who for sixty years played the barrel organ in the church. It spoke well, we thought, for the sturdy settlers of the place that such devotion to duty even on so humble an instrument should be so rewarded.

The graveyard was neat and unpretentious, and contains fewer stones in bad taste than any graveyard of similar size that I know. The modern cemetery raises all the worst instincts in me. I become alternately subversive, violent and morose at such colossal and monumental evidence of the decline in taste since the 18th century, but at York Mills one is in the atmosphere of Grey's Elegy.

LESS well known, but only a few hundred yards from the church is the old Van Nostrand house, on which we descended with all the confidence of real estate operators. The house must be very old, we were told 120 years, because the ceiling on the ground floor is only 6 feet 10 inches high. On the same house we saw a memorial to an ox which Buddha wanted to sketch for a person called Ripley. It consists of a diamond in dark bricks in a gable of lighter bricks, and legend has it that an ox called Diamond carried the bricks in 1830, from Weston to York Mills, a distance of at least ten miles. The more one hears of the York Mills settlers, the more one likes them. They showed their gratitude in permanent form for the simplest services.

WOODBIDGE came between York Mills and Holland Landing in point of time, but it rained when we were there, and we just saw enough of it to know that is should be seen again. There are two clipped trees in the centre of the village, and quite a few interesting houses. On the way to Holland Landing we got into a fierce argument on topiary. I would clip hedges and anything like a cedar which lends itself to clipping, while Buddha, to my surprise, took the Ruskinian view that it was a distortion of nature, and a blasphemy. We were in the thick of this discussion when I pulled up in Bradford having missed Holland Landing by about eight miles. Buddha wanted a beer in an unbelievably Elizabethan beverage room, all adzed timbers and leaded lights, but I felt that this was a little out of our period and we had better retrace our steps.

As late as 1922 Yonge Street used to go through Holland Landing, but a benevolent Minister of Highways changed the direction of that great artery and Holland Landing found



Covered with dust, shaken, but safe this woman, rescued from a bombed building by the A.R.P., thanks one of the heroic wardens for her life.

itself high and dry; and not entirely dry, because a noble canal with gates and locks skirts the village and links itself with the Holland River which eventually flows into Lake Simcoe. I understand that the canal was all a mistake of the Laurier Government, and nothing larger than a rowboat has ever disturbed its placid waters.

The village has a fine general store which is the quintessence of all the general stores in Ontario, a fine looking hotel and many early 19th century houses. Christ Church, which is as beautifully situated as St. John's, stands on a hill covered by locust trees—calm and aloof above the senseless scurry and bustle of Yonge Street far below. It was restored a few years ago, and well justifies the efforts of

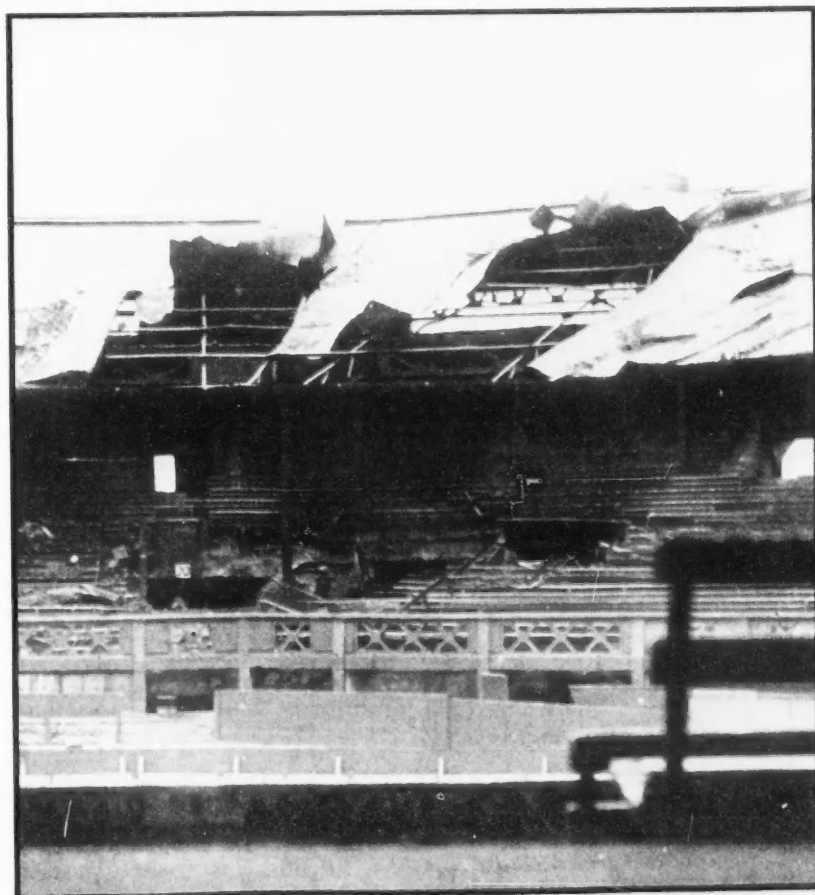
the Holland Landing people who did it. I don't remember its age but an old fellow whom Buddha engaged in conversation told her that the bell was marked in 1856 when it was tolled by the joyous villagers at news from Sebastopol.

IT WAS he who told us to see the park which is some distance from the village, but well repays a visit. Right in the middle of the park is a large anchor which came to rest in Holland Landing after a long and hazardous journey from England. It was on its way to the Great Lakes when peace broke out in 1814, and was dumped in its present location by the weary drivers who were transporting it. My thoughts were of that far off crisis in our history when I heard Buddha say in the accents of Mr. George Patton, "What! no wrecks, and no body drowned—it didn't seem right to the child." I will admit that it is a weird object to find in a field, but it is not as incongruous as all that.

Above the park is a magnificent hill from which one gets a view without equal in lower Ontario. As far as the eye can see is a vast swamp through which meanders the Holland River. In the distance are the silver waters of Lake Simcoe, and I was reminded by Buddha, who is surprisingly erudite in these matters, that Lake Simcoe was originally Lake Toronto, and that we were gazing on the trail of La Salle, St. Jean de Brébeuf and other great explorers on their way to the Great Lakes and even the Great Mississippi.

It was a solemn thought that many of them may have stood on that same eminence, because nowhere else could they obtain so great a panorama of what lay ahead of them.

We went to forty seven other places, but it seems unlikely that we should be given a special edition of this paper in which to describe them. It is true we missed a number of cocktail parties at Muskoka, and all the innocent excitement of going for the mail, but we felt we had entered the lives of a fine and a hospitable people, long since dead; we had re-created something of the atmosphere, rudely shattered at times, of the life they led, and we had come back the richer for the experience. Anyway it was a lot of fun.



The famed Centre Court at Wimbledon after a recent bombing raid.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music Takes Its Holidays

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week the Hart House Quartet presented an unfamiliar work of unique interest, Arnold Bax's Quartet in G major. In melody and development it is imbued with the Celtic characteristics that are the composer's chief source of inspiration. It happens that James Levey, first violin of the organization, was serving in a similar capacity with the old London String Quartet when the work was first performed in 1919. He has an intimate knowledge of Bax's intentions, and the result was a subtle and colorful rendering of a work of rare beauty. Other works on the program were appealingly melodic. There was Dvorak's Quartet in F major, one of the fruits of his sojourn in America in the early 'nineties when he became fascinated by negro folk-themes. In a sense Dvorak was the ancestor of modern swing arrangers, whose name is legion, but as this work shows, he evoked beauty and nobility where the moderns are content with jazz. The work was finely played as was Schubert's melodious Quartet in A minor, which embraces one of the haunting themes also used in the "Rosamunde" music.

Lubka Kolesa, a Polish pianist who before the purgatory of Central Europe began had enjoyed distinction in Vienna, gave her first recital in Canada at Hambourg Conservatory, on December 21. She is in private life Mrs. Tracy Phillips, and resides in Ottawa. She is a pupil of the celebrated pianist, Emile Sauer, and was also a protégée of the celebrated conductor, Furtwangler. She is an interpreter of exceptional distinction, and it is to be hoped that

she will in future be heard in larger auditoriums.

Music is apparently booming in Ottawa this season. There have been more concerts by famous artists than usual, and standing-room only has been the rule. A notable "all-star" event was a concert for the benefit of the British Red Cross on December 9, at which the artists were Orrea Pernel, violinist; Bartlett and Robertson, duo-pianists; Eric Workman, baritone and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, actor. The Women's Morning Music Club opened its season on December 16 with a recital by the noted Canadian soprano, Irene Mutch, a native of Regina. Attendance in the special instrumental classes at Ottawa public schools this season has trebled.

The Christmas Box

There is one occasion during the season when the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is sure of a sold-out house. It is the "Christmas Box Symphony" concert when the musicians dress-up and cut-up. Last week at Massey Hall Sir Ernest MacMillan and his associates surpassed pranks of other years in at least one episode. It was a new version of Haydn's celebrated "Farewell" Symphony. The legend attached to the work is this. In 1772 Haydn was private conductor for the great Austrian magnate, Prince Esterhazy. A request for leave of absence had been refused, so he devised a practical joke to emphasize it. He composed a charming Symphony in F minor but arranged that in the last movement the players should one by one blow out the candles on their desks and depart, leaving at the last the conductor and two violinists alone on the stage. In Sir Ernest's version the departures were much more informal and increasingly roguish. For instance the lady harpist fell asleep and woke up to find that her instrument had vanished. There were other diversions and the climax came when Freda Fusco, impersonating a languorous blond charmer, ambled on to the stage and "vamped" the conductor off his podium.

Among the "straight" numbers expressive of the holiday spirit was Vaughan Williams' delightful Fantasia on the immortal Tudor air "Greensleeves," played with delicacy and spirit. Later the Orchestra really "went to the mat" with Rossini's "William Tell" Overture. The vast audience sang carols lustily, and the culmination of the congregational singing was a new war lyric by Sir Ernest, "It's a Grand Life if We Don't Weaken," led by the sonorous baritone, Harvey Doney. Mr. Churchill last November described this phrase as the British Watchword for 1940-1, and on the idea Sir Ernest has built a song with the briskness of "Tipperary."

The travesty on an old-fashioned prima donna singing "Il Bacio," by "Mme. Francesca Adaschini" was done with an easy and natural comic gift devoid of any suggestion of "slapstick."

A recent paragraph about the late Jan Kubelik has brought a remind-

er from an old lover of the violin that his teacher, Ottakar Sevcik, had another pupil of almost equal virtuosity and more emotional appeal, the English girl, Marie Hall. She was born in 1884 at Newcastle-on-Tyne and at last accounts was still alive in England, though in retirement for many years. The older generation recalls her appearances across Canada during the first decade of this century. Her father was a harpist in the orchestra of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, but in those days orchestral musicians were supposed to be adequately paid at two pounds a week and her childhood was spent in poverty. At the age of eight her talent was discovered by a Newcastle teacher, Hildegard Werner, who induced the famous violinist Emile Sauret to listen to her. He predicted a great future for her. Elgar took her in hand when she was ten and passed her on to Wilhelmj. She also studied under a famous but forgotten teacher, Johann Kruse. These celebrities were glad to teach her for nothing because of her genius, but the problem of daily bread was a cruel one. The success of Kubelik in London in 1901 led a group of admirers to raise a fund and on his advice send her to Prague to study under Sevcik. Dvorak, associated with the latter at the Prague Conservatory, at once took a deep interest in her. During the eighteen months that she lived in the Bohemian capital she is said to have practised eight to ten hours a day. When she made her debut there in November 1902 she scored an instant triumph, followed by equal successes all over Europe and America. She retired from the international concert field before she was thirty and it is possible that the extent to which she over-worked as a girl had led to a loss of her powers.

Sevcik had another pupil, Jaroslav Kocian, who also showed virtuosic powers, but was not the equal of Kubelik and Marie Hall. The public careers of all three were brief, and it is a fair surmise that Sevcik was so hard a taskmaster that he undermined their powers, before they attained maturity.

Kubelik owed the immense acclaim he received on his debut in New York, December 1902, to the great theatrical manager, Daniel Frohman, elder brother of Charles. It was his only excursion into the field of musical promotion but he assuredly "made a killing." In "Memoirs of a Manager" he relates that while in London some months previously he had been to attend a Kubelik recital in St. James Hall. He was so impressed with the young man's skill and charm that he called on him and asked him why he did not go to America. He learned that New York managers were not willing to meet his terms, a guarantee of \$1000 per concert. Frohman made a contract on these terms but realized that he must launch a strong publicity campaign to escape loss.

When Kubelik made his debut at Carnegie Hall critics indignantly assailed Frohman for having "circusized" the young Bohemian. Though he does not say so, it is very probable that musical managers, indignant at an encroachment on their chosen field, were back of these attacks. Nevertheless the receipts at the first concert were the largest any foreign artist had drawn at his debut for many years. Every seat was sold and hundreds turned away. Subsequent concerts were equally successful. In fact Kubelik's success in his first season was equalled by but one other great instrumentalist, Paderewski.

Of the publicity expenditures for which he was reproached, Frohman says: "I desired to present my artist enthusiastically to the big-paying public, not tentatively and quietly to the non-paying musical profession. I had no time to let him grow. My contract was too rigorous. I wanted to begin at the maximum at once." Kubelik's share of his very first day's earnings in America was nearly \$3000. The receipts at Carnegie Hall were supplemented by an engagement at the home of the millionaire, W. C. Whitney. Whitney was upset when Frohman fixed the fee at \$1500, but finally agreed. In the same week Kubelik added to his winnings by a concert at Boston and a second appearance in Carnegie Hall.

Broadway Theatre

Stage Goes Sabbath-Breaking

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

TELL it not to the Lord's Day Alliance, with whom this writer holds blood, if not spiritual kinship, that the New York stage is now offering Sunday shows. Equity, which has heretofore set a double fee on its members for Sunday performances, and so made them prohibitive, this year relented and allowed Sunday shows to go on at regular pay. Not all producers, nor all actors, have as yet fallen in with this Sabbath-breaking plan. Not more than half of the current attractions, in fact, are advertising Sunday performances up to this moment. We would like to put down conscientious scruples as the reason, but a sense of humor forbids. A better reason—and this may be of some comfort to Lord's Day Alliances everywhere—is that Sunday patronage has not come up to expectations. Park Avenue and other exclusive theatre-going sections seem to prefer to spend their Sunday evenings in other, possibly equally sinful, ways. And so do we. With the possible exception therefore of such stage attractions as meet the taste of Broadway's peripatetic throngs, the experiment has added no further dangers to the New York Sabbath.

The theatre itself is still in a slump. We had thought the competing national drama that ended with the re-election of the White House occupant might be a possible reason. But November 5 is long past and the slump continues. The world drama, on which America's pre-occupation is practically complete, may be a better reason. But, whatever it is, nothing of particular moment has been added to the two solitary events of the new season, "The Corn Is Green" and "Delicate Story," the latter already reported.

A Subtle Molnar

Molnar's "Delicate Story," translated and produced with consummate, well-bred art by Gilbert Miller, brings back Edna Best, after eight years' absence, to the Broadway scene. The story is aptly named "Delicate"—there is perhaps more delicacy than story in it—for it is one of those light, wispy, cloud sailings over the commonplace happenings of a little bourgeois group in Switzerland. One of the young men of the group is drafted into the army of his country and the grocer's romantic wife thinks he is a martyr deserving of her comforting. And so, in and out of the little delicatessen store, the little drama floats idly to its close, when the grocer explodes with a humorous report.

Where there is more delicacy than story, as we suggested there is, everything depends on direction and casting. These Mr. Miller has brought to the presentation of "Del-



Edna Best, who appears on Broadway in Molnar's "Delicate Story."

icate Story" with amazing skill and insight into the heart of its meaning. Edna Best as the grocer's wife aids and abets the delicate enterprise with the most delicate artistry. The Theatre Guild is sponsoring it as the second in its subscription series of the season.

Another play, based on the life of Dickens, by Henry H. and Marguerite Harper, has made its bow but, under the fire of the critics has died.

Theatre Group Show

Even the Group Theatre contribution, done by no less expert a writer than Irwin Shaw, called "Retreat to Pleasure," has disappointed the critics. And the Group seldom disappoints. "Retreat to Pleasure" is a pleasant little story of a girl who had "It" enough (and in the person of Edith Atwater this is plausible) to be pursued by three suitors, and spirit enough to marry none of them. Formerly an actress, newspaper reporter and W.P.A. administrator in Ohio, she had fled the responsibilities of the latter post and come to New York where love besets her in all directions. Among the pursuers are a loquacious artist, a solid business man, who woos with solemnity, and a playboy. Even Florida to which she escapes in the second act is no escape from amorous swain. For the rest the artist has the floor and becomes the repository of the author's extensive views, just like any Shaw. The characters all listen intently to the oracle but we doubt if you would.

Nor has a crime melodrama, "Cue for Passion," by Edward Chodorov, co-author of "Kind Lady," and H. S. Kraft added much joy to critic circles. This is the story of a husband, celebrated novelist about to make his debut on the stage, and a wife, editor of an influential weekly, who hate each other. The first act is a mordant piece of writing in which a whole world of literary, stage and public figures appear and are drawn with rapturous sharpness, not omitting humor, and points driven home with devilish skill by the actors. That act is a real contribution to the stage. In the second act, the novelist is found dead in a hotel room, and from there on "Cue for Passion" becomes a perfectly recognizable mystery melodrama.

And just as we reach the deadline comes another play by Paul Vincent Carroll, he of the "Shadow and Substance" and "The White Steed," called "The Old Foolishness." Of that our next must report.

Further hope comes with the announced Christmas Holiday list. Among its hopes are "Old Acquaintance," in which Jane Cowl returns to action; Elmer Rice's "Flight to the West"; a Guthrie McClintic production, "The Lady Came To Stay," and "Eight O'Clock Tuesday," starring Pauline Lord. So better news next time, we hope.



M. F. Calhoun, subject of an article by L. L. Golden last week, who is one of several top-flight newsmen now covering the Canadian news.

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A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

"THE BACK PAGE"

The First "Noel" in Canada

BY E. G. T. WILLIAMS

THE Littlest-Boy-But-One in the Junior School smoothed down the tuft of fair hair that would stick up on the crown of his head. He walked briskly up the Chapel aisle in his Eton suit, wondering however the fellow ahead kept his collar so clean. What fun it would be to make a drawing on it like the one he put on the board the other day when the Master had been called to the door for a moment! Just as well it had been at the end of the class, for the loud laugh had been lost in the scuffle of moving feet and sure punishment thus averted.

He did not see the throng of fashionable people congregated for the College's choral service held every Christmas before the boys went home for the holiday. They did not exist for him. It was the older schoolboys who held his attention, for these Chapel services were the only occasions when all the boys, big and little, were together. From his cross seat at the front of the Chapel he searched for one of them who reminded him very much of his brother Ronnie at home in England. Ronnie's cheeks were redder and his eyes bluer, but he had the same jolly look.

There had been several practices of the Junior Choir in one of the music rooms of the school in preparation for their part in the Christmas service. They had gone over and over the carols, especially the descants where their lovely soprano voices soared clear and high. This year the singing master knew his choruses would be very fine owing to the presence of this newcomer from England the Littlest-Boy-But-One in the School, whose voice one dreamed of but seldom heard.

THE great afternoon arrived. Carol succeeded carol, French, Welsh, Dutch, English traditional. The lusty fervor of the older boys was refined and purified as it was carried into higher realms by the soprano voices,

The old, familiar "Noel" which all the boys were so fond of was to close the service. The singing was glorious, the descants soared higher and higher. The Littlest-Boy-But-One forgot his surroundings, he was singing as at home in England where his "Noels" climbed up and up an old fir-tree that stood in the churchyard by a window near the choir. He could see it clearly against the sky from where he stood. He always climbed this tree in song, going from branch to branch and when he got to the tip-top he would look down at his mother in the family pew and she would smile at him.

There, strangely enough, outside this unfamiliar Chapel window stood just such another fir-tree. From bough to bough, up, up went his "Noels," like a bird's flight, to the topmost tip. The congregation fairly held its breath at the sheer beauty of the tower of song being built before them.

A few moments and it was all over. Then the gaze of the Littlest-Boy-But-One fell to catch his mother's eye. She wasn't there, and in a blinding flash of agonizing tears he felt surging between them all those thousands of miles of sea and land which separated her in far-away England from him alone in a strange country.

HIS Canadian foster-father was at once close to him when he came out of church. He had seen the tears and guessed the reason. His understanding heart knew it was no time for sympathy as reddened eyes were being sternly winked back to normal. "That was great singing," he said; "Jove, it was fine," giving a warm kindly slap to a small shoulder.

"Gee, I seem to have a cold," said the diminutive valiant heart as he took out a ball of a hanky to wipe his nose and incidentally his cheeks. "I wonder where I got this cold?"

That was England out-Englanded.

with less exuberance, or who did not look at Canada so much as at painting.

The trend today is away from landscape. There is a turning inwards, a narrowing to the personal and intimate, a searching of hearts and a searching after the secrets of painting. There is an impulse to delve into humanity instead of the north woods.

When landscape does appear in the Contemporary Arts show, it is on a smaller scale than the landscape of the old exultant school. It is charming rather than big and shouting, or it is quietly reflective. Chickens have little in common with wild geese and the showery light over Paraskeva Clark's barnyard is a different thing from the pounding radiance of the True North; yet Mrs. Clark's barnyard is Canada, too, alive and blithe. Garnard Kettle's Baie St. Paul, a trifle staid, and the grain stooks and the Ancaster Valley by Carl Schaefer, though they have a melancholy cast, are Canada; and Goodridge Roberts' green summer Laurentians are just as much Canada as A. Y. Jackson's romping rhythms in winter. Jackson is still in high spirits and there is a gleam of the old Group joyousness in a sketch by Fred Varley.

Moving into town with that frolic spirit Henri Masson *patates frites* on a summer evening we are still in Canada; J. P. Lemieux, in *Emmaus*, gives a Biblical story a French-Canadian setting in a sort of animated map; perhaps nowhere but in Montreal could you find a street and a "crocodile" just like Philip Surrey's, a rooftop like M. Reinblatt's or a back lane like Louis Muhlstock's; Kathleen Morris does the city from Mount Royal, and Marian Scott shown an abstract of it in *Tourist in Montreal*.

FROM these we go on to humanity in general and to painting that has no particular reference to Can-

ada. Miller Brittain's good-humored *Rummage Sale*, Fred Hagan's enjoyment of fleshiness along the board walk, the two mildly satiric pieces, Harry Mayerovitch's *Critics* and Elizabeth Harrison's *Peace Scare* (brokers and ticker tape), might have been painted anywhere. So might Eric Goldberg's muted, nostalgic autumn Laurentians and his equally tranquil girl in a red swing; so might John Lyman's *Hitch Hikers*, like graceful dancers in a picture that for color and smooth, free movement is wholly gratifying. Isabel McLaughlin's contribution is from New Mexico also.

Outstanding in the show are the interiors and flowers of Goodridge Roberts and Jack Humphrey, handled with admirable honesty and vigor; the nude by Margaret Fainmel; the modest still lifes by Louise Gaddois; a dignified arrangement of figures in warm color by Marian Scott; Alexander Bereovitch's two little boys and Prudence Howard's *Mrs. Decco*, a real person; Louis Muhlstock's tree with the man lying at its foot, one of his most powerful works; and three characteristically delicate water colors by David Milne.

There are several kinds of abstractionists: Alfred Pellon, who finds a football scrimmage the perfect subject for his dynamic treatment; Gordon Webber, who calculates in clean geometrical lines and dots; Michael Forster, whose *Arctic Encounter* is a surrealist expression in wraithlike forms and cold, misty color; and Henry Eveleigh, who puts on a bold front in uncompromising areas of color and black outlines but who reveals an uneasiness of mind. Is it the war? I'm not sure what he's driving at in *Fohat*, with its writhing nude and its radio announcer, but it looks like trouble, and *Ann 1914-Tomorrow* is a girl with her back against a broken wall.

The war comes directly and crushingly, without any mystery, in

John Hall's *Aftermath*, the mourning figures and the victim painted with strong, certain stroke. Hall works with great intensity. His portrait of a woman in eerie green is as haunting as a character in Poe.

YOU CAME TO ME SINGING

YOU came to me singing
Though still were your lips I
heard the song.
Though the day was empty and the
night long and dark
Your song came winging to the nest
of my heart.
Like a rainbird's flinging its soul
To the dark.

So many are singing
But their hearts are mute while their
tongues soar,
And their music is stilled in the dull
roar and heat
Of hurrying feet by life's door.
Their faith is a little thing
Where men meet.

The song of your singing
Is the rainbird's faith in the night
song.

An endless giving whatever the
wrong or pain,
A song ever bringing the gladness of
Spring.

You came to me singing
Oh, sing it again!

LLOYD ROBERTS.

THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O.D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.

The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT,
The Canadian Weekly

ART AND ARTISTS

Art of Our Day in Canada

BY ROBERT AYRE

THE exhibition, "Art of Our Day in Canada," organized by the Contemporary Arts Society in three of the Montreal Art Association's galleries is, perforce, a little more limited in scope than its title would indicate. It is not a complete round-up of the work being done today by Canadian painters. It confines itself almost entirely to Montreal and Toronto, with two men from the Maritimes and one from Ottawa, and several of the most vital producers in even this narrow, if intensively cultivated, field are not represented. Nevertheless the show is comprehensive enough to give us some idea of the trend of Canadian painting today.

Even if Maisonneuve still raises his flag above Place d'Armes, even if the tower of Toronto's City Hall stands unbroken, the dominating fact of Our Day, in Canada as everywhere else, is War. I am inclined to agree with Roger Fry that for the most part art pursues its own course, makes its own internal revolutions, independent of the chances and changes of history. I don't say it lives in a vacuum but it doesn't take the world neat, at a gulp. When it tries to be contemporary, as often as not it succeeds only in being false. But even if Fry is wrong, the war is still too new, still not urgent enough, in Canada to be a valid influence in our art and there is

little evidence of it in this show.

This is not to say our painters aren't seriously disturbed by the war. They are, to the extent that some have gone into active service, some are giving all their spare time and energy to military training, and others are too uneasy to work wholeheartedly, as if painting didn't matter in times like these. I think it does; it matters very much; and that is why a show like "Art of Our Day in Canada" is heartening.

It demonstrates once again that there is vitality and variety in Canadian painting, a reaching out after new experiences and new expressions.

SOME Montrealers, and I am not speaking of reactionaries, minimize the Group of Seven. I can understand the attitude and it is not, after all, restricted to the province of Quebec. The Group was not the be-all and end-all of Canadian painting and I don't think it ever pretended it was. But it did make the most noise. With all its limitations, it did give vent to the spirit of Canada in a big, extravagant, optimistic, dramatic, heroic manner, and to many people it was the most obviously "Canadian" painting. It did its job, played out its pageant, then took its bow and left the stage to the others who saw Canada with different eyes, who expressed what they saw

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GOLD & DROSS

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 28, 1940

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Music Takes Its Difficulties of Excess Profits Tax

BY HECTOR CHARLES

LAST week the Hart House Quartet presented an unfamiliar work of unique interest, Arnold Bax's Quartet in G major. In melody and development it is imbued with the Celtic characteristics that are the composer's chief source of inspiration. It happens that James Levey, first violin of the organization, was serving in a similar capacity with the old London String Quartet when the work was first performed in 1919. He has an intimate knowledge of Bax's intentions, and the result was a subtle and colorful rendering of a work of rare beauty. Other works on the program were appealingly melodic. There was Dvorak's Quartet in F major, one of the fruits of his sojourn in America in the early 'nineties when he became fascinated by negro folk-themes. In a sense Dvorak was the ancestor of modern swing arrangers, whose name is legion, but as this work shows, he evoked beauty and nobility where the moderns are content with jazz. The work was finely played as was Schubert's melodious Quartet in A minor, which embraces one of the haunting themes also used in the "Rosamunde" music.

Lubka Kolessa, a Polish pianist who before the purgatory of Central Europe began had enjoyed distinction in Vienna, gave her first recital in Canada at Hambourg Conservatory, on December 21. She is private life Mrs. Tracy Phillips, a resident in Ottawa. She is a pupil of the celebrated pianist, Emile Sauter, and was also a protégée of the celebrated conductor, Furtwangler. She is an interpreter of exceptional distinction, and it is to be hoped

she will be heard in the auditorium.

Music in Ottawa has been made only by "all-star" benefit concerts. December 28, 1940, was a let-off for the Ottawa Orchestra, its conductor, Cedric Belfrage, and its soloists, recitalists, and pianists.



BY WILLIAM WESTON

THE defective principle of the excess profits tax, in a war program which seeks, by means of price restrictions and close buying, to forestall anything in the way of an excess profit, was discussed in a broad way in SATURDAY NIGHT of last week. Since that article was prepared, some prominent accountants have gathered together some criticisms which bear out the discussion in a practical way.

The previous article argued that such a tax, while appropriate enough in the last war of inflation and rising prices, was inconsistent with the present program, which, if effective, creates no sound base for an excess profits levy.

From a theoretical viewpoint it is difficult to understand why the government has decided to designate this tax as "an excess profits tax." In the majority of instances, based on the working of the Act, the tax will not be assessed on "excess profits" in any sense of the word but on normal profits resulting from normal business operations after a long period of depression.

Moreover, the taxes imposed by the present Act are very substantial and in many cases of a penalizing nature. It has been calculated that the aggregate Dominion Income Tax, Dominion Excess Profits Tax and Provincial Profits taxes amount to in excess of 80% of average profits exceeding those experienced for the

The Excess Profits Tax means curtailment of incentive, in the view of accountants who study the financial side of business.

Concerns are asked to increase output, for which purpose they are obliged to greatly increase their inventories, but they are not allowed enough earnings to build a compensating reserve against losses.

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It is difficult to visualize how sufficient assets are going to be realized to pay this tax and still permit sufficient liquidity to carry on normal business operations. The taxpayer after payment of such a substantial tax, would have no hope of creating sufficient reserves to tide them over an abnormal year.

The tax also appears to be exceedingly uneconomical. In view of the general result thereof there is no doubt that a great many unproductive expenditures will be made.

Another factor that is receiving increasing attention by the taxpayer as the results of these various taxes are becoming more apparent is the desirability or otherwise of the taxpayer making substantial efforts to increase or accept new business because by so doing he increases his liability for taxation and has all the worry of financing this obligation plus the increased turnover involved. This applies directly to efforts being made to assist the government in the production of war material. As an example thereof the following illustration would indicate the truth

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Balance of profits subject to Excess Profits Tax	8,200.00
Taxes on above profits as follows:	
Excess Profits Tax—50% of \$8,200.00	6,150.00
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Province of Ontario Income Tax—5% of \$20,000.00	1,000.00
Total Taxes	10,750.00
% Taxes to taxable income	53.7%
Residue of profits available to shareholders	9,250.00

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es. Tough leader of a tough people, he has year. His phrase-making has been epic. His never in the history of human conflict was so to so few"—has become the mark of that service.

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Alma E

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While there is merit, economically speaking, in the payment of bonuses instead of higher wages (the latter being much more difficult to revise downward later on, if and when circumstances call for such downward revision), it should be recognized that the bonus system is no less inflationary than wage increases perhaps even more so, in that the bonuses become effective much more promptly and fully than wage increases would. The point is that any system providing for increased remuneration to workers to balance the increasing cost of living must necessarily be inflationary, since it creates a vicious spiral in which rising wages and cost of living react persistently each upon the other, a higher cost of living calling for higher wage payments and then higher wage payments and higher costs of doing business driving the cost of living higher still.

Make Saving Compulsory

The coming into existence of this new inflationary influence seems to this column to lend emphasis to the suggestion made last week that the government ought to introduce a compulsory saving scheme to replace the present voluntary public investment in war savings certificates and bonds. It was pointed out that receipts from the voluntary system, now around \$2.5 millions a month for savings certificates, are disquietingly short of the government's aim of \$10 to \$12 millions monthly, and still more important that to prevent serious inflation the government must reduce public purchasing power if sufficient civilian goods to absorb that purchasing power are not going to be available.

The government can achieve this reduction of excess purchasing power by taxation or enforced savings or both. Doubtless both would be used, since saving, even forced saving, is more palatable than taxation and the support of public opinion is needed to maintain a vigorous war effort. And saving might be more

efficacious than taxation as regards the war effort; the preservation of the self-serving incentive to work and produce might outweigh the disadvantage of the resulting increase in government debt.

Big wars have always been inflationary and somehow the nations concerned have always pulled through, though not without much suffering by individuals. But in the past the results of inflation have mostly occurred after the war was over. This time, if it occurs in any large degree, inflation is likely to have harmful effects while the war is still on. This is because very many more people now know what inflation means in respect of destruction of wealth and therefore will endeavor, if they see it developing, to adjust themselves to it. One obvious step would be to refrain from purchasing high-grade, relatively low-yield fixed-income securities such as government war bonds.

Must Prevent Inflation

Thus the government must prevent inflation for the sake of the war effort if nothing else. And, as we said last week, there are just two courses open to it. It must either permit the production of sufficient civilian goods to absorb the excess public purchasing power created by the nation's war program or it must somehow or other eliminate that excess, and bring purchasing power into line with the supply of civilian goods available.

This column has repeatedly stated its belief that productive plant, labor and materials not wanted for war production should continue to be used to produce civilian goods, to keep the national economy healthy and able to produce revenues for the government and to lessen the pressure toward inflation. Its attitude is that while the national standard of living must inevitably be lowered by the war, all production is useful because it contributes, through the maintenance of employment and tax-paying and war-bond purchasing power, to the nation's health and to its ability to sustain the war. That is, of course, such production as does not in any way interfere with or lessen the strength of the war effort.

As the situation stands, the indications are that the supply of civilian goods is going to fall progressively short of the volume needed to satisfy the public's ability and desire to buy. And, as already stated, that means inflation, if effective means to eliminate the excess purchasing power are not adopted.





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profits is only the beneficiary of his efforts to the extent of \$2,750.00 and by so doing he increases his financial hazard. This hazard may be intensified during a post-war period. The question the taxpayer has to answer is "is it worth while?"

This is an exceedingly disturbing situation for both the business man and the government as it must hinder the supply of war materials. Would it not be sane and wise, mindful of all the uncertainties the present Act involves, for this Act to be cancelled and replaced by the income tax being increased to a flat 50%?

Over and above all this the government apparently does not recognize the amount of clerical work and additional help the taxpayer is called upon to obligate himself in order to prepare the various forms and make the returns promptly on time to avoid penalties.

From a practical viewpoint the following objections can be taken to the working of the present Excess Profits Tax Act:

1. Standard Profits

The Act defines standard profits as being the average yearly profits derived by a taxpayer in the standard period from carrying on the same general class of business as the business producing the profits in the year of taxation, provided that losses incurred by the taxpayer during the standard period are not to be deducted in arriving at the total profits for the period but that the years when such losses were incurred are nevertheless to be counted in determining the average yearly profits. The Act defines the standard period as being the calendar years 1936 to 1939 inclusive, or the fiscal periods of the taxpayer ending in such calendar years.

There is no particular difficulty in regard to the standard period where a taxpayer's business operates on the basis of a calendar year, but where the fiscal year is other than December 31 operating results are not at all likely to be comparable with those of a competitor whose year ends December 31.

For instance a taxpayer whose fiscal year ended January 31 would in effect determine average profits on the basis of results for the calendar years 1935 to 1938 inclusive, where a competitor would have the benefit of the four calendar years ending December 31, 1939. The year 1939 was generally accepted as a good year and average profits should benefit accordingly.

It is difficult to understand the logic of the provision that losses during a standard period should not be

deducted from profits in arriving at so called standard profits. If actual operating results are to become a basis of taxation this undoubtedly penalizes business concerns of moderate size where profits have not been substantial at any time during the past 10 years and where a sizeable loss during one of the standard years would, if deducted from profits, undoubtedly bring the average result to a nominal figure giving the business a substantial basis for appeal.

A further objection can be taken to the method of determining standard profits. It is generally conceded that relatively few business concerns have found the years 1936 to 1939 inclusive particularly profitable and the average result calculated according to the Act would not necessarily give a fair indication of the earning ability of the business under normal conditions.

It would seem fair under the circumstances that the taxpayer should have the privilege of electing as a standard profit basis the best year



When a bomb struck this home in England, it destroyed it, but left hats and coats hanging neatly on pegs.

of the four or the average of any two in the four year period, or as an alternative a 10% allowance on the capital employed in the business, the said capital to be construed as including the paid up capital stock, the surplus account and any unallocated reserve accounts.

2. Inventory Reserves

The Act allows taxpayers who pay on the basis of the maximum tax, i.e. 75% of excess profits, to create a reserve for inventory on the basis of the 1939 closing fiscal period quantities and prices.

This creates a very definite hardship in conjunction with the other provisions of the Act as the effect is that the government is absorbing in cash substantially all profits over and above recent experience and is not allowing the taxpayer to provide for potential losses on inventories required over and above those common prior to the war.

Many companies mindful of the difficulty of obtaining raw materials, particularly from abroad, have, based on good judgment, found it necessary to carry abnormal inventories and it would appear that the Department intends to penalize the good judgment of such taxpayers.

Evidently the framers of the Act were labouring under the misapprehension that the taxpayers would be sitting up nights finding ways and means to avoid the payment to the government of their proper assess-

ment for excess profits tax. This is a deduction made by a narrow and small minded individual and it is felt that the majority of taxpayers are doing their utmost to see that the government get the tax to which they are entitled and are not sitting up nights finding ways and means to avoid the payment thereof.

The Act sets out conditions under which standard profits determined as above may be subject to adjustment from year to year, one of which is with regard to increases or decreases in capital contributed or withdrawn. The theory is that increased capital during the current period should naturally result in increased profits and that in order to compare like with like relative upward adjustments should be made in standard profits.

3. Adjustment to Standard

However, the interpretation of capital increases or decreases seems to be that only cash items are to be given consideration, that is cash must be actually introduced or withdrawn during the period and no allowance will be made for additions made through surplus account and undistributed profits unless the said profits are declared and capitalized in the shape of a stock dividend. This latter would forthwith create an undue hardship on many taxpayers.

It cannot be reasonably said that the capital of a business should not

be based on capital plus the residue of surplus left in the business from year to year, and the Act specifically gives recognition to this in another respect by using as a basis for standard profits, where determined by the Board of Referees, the net worth of the business.

4. Proprietorship Salaries

The Act provides that proprietors or partners are allowed an amount in lieu of salary to be charged against the business, a sum not exceeding \$5,000 per annum for each proprietor or partner and for all businesses. There is no like restriction in the Act regarding corporations. This in the judgment of the majority of experienced people is an unfair yardstick. The amount of salary taken from a business should be left substantially to the individuals concerned tempered, of course, by what has been done during the preceding four years.

Inasmuch as the Minister already has broad discretionary power local taxation authorities would no doubt see that the matter of salaries is not abused. It is hoped that the Department will use the good common sense that was common in Mr. Broadbent's time by allowing local taxing authorities to make decisions and legislate on contentious matters that may arise, and the Department should avoid as far as possible too much red tape in connection therewith.



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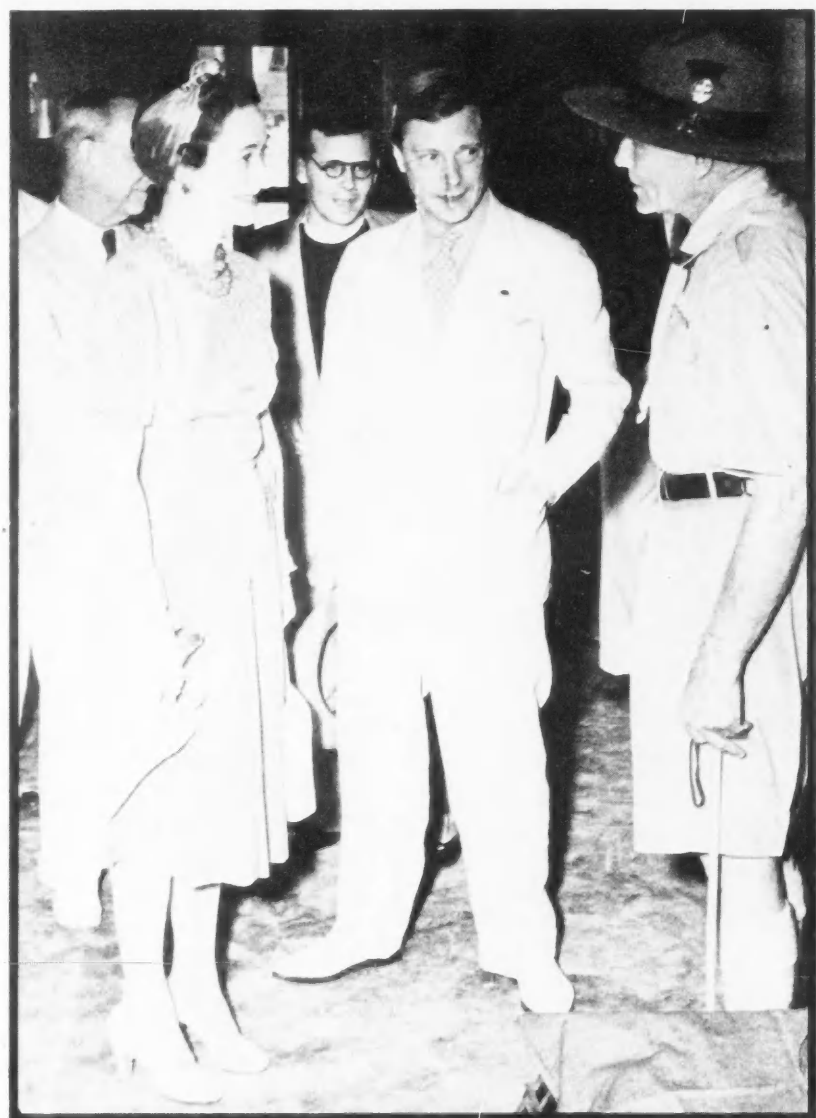
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Practical Difficulties of Excess Profits Tax



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The Act allows taxpayers who pay on the basis of the maximum tax, i.e. 75% of excess profits, to create a reserve for inventory on the basis of the 1939 closing fiscal period quantities and prices.

This creates a very definite hardship in conjunction with the other provisions of the Act as the effect is that the government is absorbing in cash substantially all profits over and above recent experience and is not allowing the taxpayer to provide for potential losses on inventories required over and above those common prior to the war.

Many companies mindful of the difficulty of obtaining raw materials, particularly from abroad, have based on good judgment, found it necessary to carry abnormal inventories and it would appear that the Department intends to penalize the good judgment of such taxpayers.

Evidently the framers of the Act were labouring under the misapprehension that the taxpayers would be sitting up nights finding ways and means to avoid the payment to the government of their proper assess-

ment for excess profits tax. This is a deduction made by a narrow and small minded individual and it is felt that the majority of taxpayers are doing their utmost to see that the government get the tax to which they are entitled and are not sitting up nights finding ways and means to avoid the payment thereof.

The Act sets out conditions under which standard profits determined as above may be subject to adjustment from year to year, one of which is with regard to increases or decreases in capital contributed or withdrawn. The theory is that increased capital during the current period should naturally result in increased profits and that in order to compare like with like relative upward adjustments should be made in standard profits.

3. Adjustment to Standard

However, the interpretation of capital increases or decreases seems to be that only cash items are to be given consideration, that is cash must be actually introduced or withdrawn during the period and no allowance will be made for additions made through surplus account and undistributed profits unless the said profits are declared and capitalized in the shape of a stock dividend. This latter would certainly create an undue hardship on many taxpayers.

It cannot be reasonably said that the capital of a business should not

be based on capital plus the residue of surplus left in the business from year to year and the Act specifically gives recognition to this in another respect by using as a basis for standard profits, profits determined by the Board of Referees, the fair worth of the business.

4. Proprietorship Salaries

The Act provides that in ascertaining profits the allowed amount in any year of salary to be charged against the business is subject to a ceiling of \$5,000 per annum for each proprietor or partner and for all businesses. There is no explanation in the Act regarding capital gains. This is the subject of the majority of experienced people's opinion and is a matter of some importance. The amount of salary taken from a business should be left substantially to the individual concerned provided it is reasonable and has been paid during the preceding year.

Inasmuch as the Minister of Finance has made statements to the effect that the matter of salaries is not to be touched, it is hoped that the Department will use its best common sense that was common to Mr. Braden's time by allowing high taxing authorities to make decisions and legislate on contentious matters that may arise and the Department should avoid as far as possible the much red tape in connection therewith.



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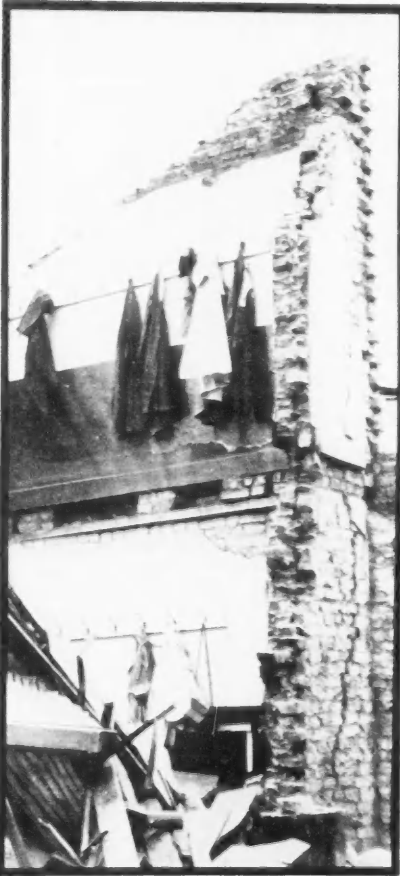
Valiant sons of Canada... 55,000 of them... already man the ramparts of Britain's embattled Isle, stand guard in Iceland, Newfoundland and the Caribbean. Three squadrons of Canadian fighters even now are clawing Goering's raiders out of the sky. Thousands more are feverishly training... 14,000 men sail in Canadian fighting ships, on convoy, on patrol, in active battle lines.

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When a bomb struck this home in England, it destroyed it, but left hats and coats hanging neatly on pegs.

BELL TELEPHONE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I want to know what you think about the common stock of Bell Telephone. I am holding some and am inclined to continue to do so, despite the counsel of several friends to get rid of it. What do you think? Have you any estimate of 1940 earnings and do you think the company can keep on paying its dividends?

W. H. C., Winnipeg, Man.

Over the near term at least, it can, for earnings for 1940 are estimated to be somewhere in the neighborhood of 1939's \$8.05 per share. The stock has average appeal for income, but its earnings potentialities seem to me to be limited.

Official reports state that taxes in 1940 will be \$1,800,000—58 per cent more than they were in 1939. However, operations have been broad-

ened and quickened by the war and, since the company controls costs tightly, I think you will see a good proportion of these additional taxes absorbed. The interest saving on the refunding of the 5 per cent bonds will be offset by the exchange losses which will be sustained by the payment of interest in American money on a proportion of its funded debt.

NATIONAL MALARTIC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me what you think of National Malartic and if you would advise changing to Malartic Gold Fields.

N. K. F., North River, P.E.I.

The outlook for National Malartic is quite encouraging and it should be possible early next year to secure an idea as to the rate of production justified by developments. The company,

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

however, has yet to sink its own shaft as present exploration is being done from the Sladen-Malartic workings.

As the situation at mining properties can change very quickly one hesitates to advise whether to switch from an approaching producer to one already in production and nearing the dividend stage. Malartic Goldfields is one of the most promising of the newer Quebec mines. By the end of the year the expansion program should be completed and production increased 50 per cent from the present rate or to over \$150,000 per month, of which close to half will be operating profit. The company will commence the new year with a small cash surplus.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me your candid opinion of the common stock of Canadian Pacific. I bought some of this stock when I was working in Canada several years ago and have been rather out of touch with it.

S. M. M., Edinburgh, Scotland.

The common stock of Canadian Pacific Railway has a little better than average speculative appeal at the present market.

Operating returns for 1940 are expected to be the best since 1930 and I think you can expect earnings on the common to approximate \$1 per share. During the Winter, operating returns will have slowed down, but because of the war boom and the further gains in foreign trade, earnings are expected to show a satisfactory gain. The grain movement, which fell off in 1940, should also record some improvement. However, any real gain in net will be limited by higher costs; and added to this is the great bulk of securities which rank prior to the common and which drain earnings before they reach its level. Consequently, dividends on the common are remote and this limits the appeal of the stock.

CHOICE GOLDS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Am enclosing a list of gold stocks and would like what information you could give me as to the advisability of buying some of these to obtain an income. I wish to get something which pays dividends. Is there anything better at the present time than gold stocks? My list: Malartic Gold Fields, Kerr-Addison, San Antonio.

Y. K. F., North Bay, Ont.

I doubt if you could do better than invest in gold stocks at the present time. The industry is highly essential to war, and stimulation of gold production appears the desire of the Government, with a view to easing exchange problems. Gold promises to continue a vital factor in international affairs as well as our own economy.

The possibilities for some of the promising young mines appear decidedly attractive and any pronounced increase in Canada's gold output must largely come from the newer producers. The list you have selected is an excellent one, all paying dividends with the exception of Malartic Gold Fields, which should, however, shortly join that class. I would favor the purchase of Kerr-Addison or San Antonio.

Kerr-Addison is now paying at the rate of 20 cents a share yearly but the margin of profit is well above these requirements. The mill capacity is to be doubled and as profits should then be considerably increased, prospects for higher dividends are excellent. Net profit of San Antonio this year will be around 23 cents a share, but recent decision to raise the milling rate to 550 tons daily, as against the present rate of 330 tons, may raise profits to about 36 cents a share, hence it seems reasonable to expect a doubling of the 14 cents per share paid annually for some years past.

CANADIAN CAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you think I should buy the preferred stock of Canadian Car & Foundry now?

—R. F. B., Halifax, N.S.

I do; because I think it has above-average speculative appeal at present market prices.

For the year ended September 30, 1940, you can expect moderate earnings on the preferred stock, as compared with 1939's \$1.78 per share deficit. As you know, arrears on the preferred now amount to \$9 per share and action will probably await the final settlement of the German Mixed Claims case. The U.S. Supreme Court is expected to make a ruling soon on the legality of the \$5,900,000 award to the company. Currently, the railroad backlog is small, but airplane production facilities are working at capacity and other war business is booming. Despite heavy taxes and probable small profit margins on this wartime business, further earnings improvement is in prospect.

SAN ANTONIO

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have closely followed your helpful financial pages with profit to myself, and would now appreciate a brief comment on the prospects for San Antonio. How is the ore position and finances?

S. H. B., St. Boniface, Man.

The prospects for San Antonio Gold Mines never appeared more promising and favorable results being obtained from development are fast disclosing a large tonnage of ore. First development work on the block of new levels between 1,500 and 2,400 feet promises substantial additions to ore reserves, which stood at approximately 491,500 tons at the end of last year, and also gave indications of an improvement in grade. The company's financial position is excellent with over \$1,000,000 in quick assets.

The decision to step up the milling rate from around 350 to 550 tons daily will mean a sharp increase in profits and allow higher dividends. Earnings this year are running somewhat above last year's figure of 21 cents net despite much higher taxation and heavy development expenses. With commencement of milling at the increased rate net profits may run around 36 cents per share a year. The dividend policy will likely be generous and it would be possible to double the amount of 14 cents per share paid annually for the past five years.

PRESOR PORCUPINE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Presor Porcupine has been suggested to me as a good gamble in the Porcupine camp. Anything you can tell me as to location, ore possibilities and the financial situation will be welcome.

J. W. C., London, Ont.

Presor Porcupine Gold Mines holds 163 acres in Deloro township, adjoining Preston East Dome to the south. Favorable geological conditions were reported from previous work which consisted of surface exploration and diamond drilling. One porphyry zone was cut in diamond drilling and another is believed to dip into the company's property from the west around a depth of 1,000 feet.

A deal providing for exploration of the property and which calls for reorganization of the company has been negotiated, but has yet to be approved by the shareholders. The agreement provides for 10,000 feet of diamond drilling from the 1,000-foot level at Preston. A new 3,000,000-share company will be formed and 714,285 shares issued to Presor for the property.

These shares would be distributed at once on the basis of one new for three and one-half old shares, after

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Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1 1/2% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable January 2nd, 1941, to shareholders of record as at close of business December 15th, 1940 in Canadian Funds.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 202

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two and one-half per cent (2 1/2%) has been declared for the quarter ending the 31st January, 1941, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of February next, to shareholders of record of 31st December, 1940.

By order of the Board,

H. T. LAFFRAY,
General Manager

Toronto, 11th December, 1940.

The Toronto Mortgage Company

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of \$1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after 2nd January, 1941, to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 14th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

5th December, 1940.

Guaranty Trust Company of Canada

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1 1/2%, being at the rate of 5% per annum, on the paid-in capital stock of the Company has been declared for the quarter year ending December 31st, 1940, payable January 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 31st, 1940.

By Order of the Board
J. WILSON BERRY,
General Manager.

which the Presor company would surrender its charter. For carrying out the program of driving a cross-cut and doing the drilling 1,085,000 shares would be paid. If commercial ore is discovered a deal would be made with an operating mine likely Preston, to mill up to 200 tons per day for two years.

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What the Mines Are Doing

BY J. A. McRAE

MORE metal from the mines of Canada, base metals as well as gold, is considered to be one of Canada's important contributions to the war against the doctrine of brute force in the affairs of the human race. How to accomplish the maximum effort is the problem.

Tax collectors have been laying a heavy hand upon thrift and industry throughout the dominion. If tax collections could alone win the war, such procedure would be well. However, the gold that Canada produces and the base metals that may be obtained from her mines, are of greater importance than is the tax which governments ask the industry to bear.

Metal producers, and the great multitude of stockholders who own the operating companies, are not complaining themselves about paying taxes. Indeed vast numbers are already reconciled to the thought that by the time the conflict terminates, the financial standing of indi-

viduals will be reduced to mere shadows of the present. However, it is not this that causes current alarm. Rather is it the fact that governments have been so short-sighted as to blindly tax the root rather than the flower.

Patriotism among miners lies in the search for ways and means of providing the sinews of war for men who are embued with a determination to fight for human freedom. Patriotism does not lie in the imposition of tax measures which create a bottleneck at the mouth of every shaft.

If mining companies were permitted to produce metal with a minimum of taxation, who is there among us to doubt but that the flow of metal would rise enormously? Moreover, who is there to doubt that the flow of new wealth arising from this increased production would not represent a greater field of revenue for the tax collector?

Ventures, Ltd., and Sudbury Basin Mines are in line for fine profits from La Luz Gold Mines in Nicaragua. The profit realized in the first full year of operation was \$607,863. Of the issued shares of La Luz, the Ventures Company owns about 700,000, while Sudbury Basin has around 300,000 shares. More shares are under option and may be acquired in due course. In the meantime, however, the profit is at a rate of 40 cents per share on the total issued capital. This was accomplished with mill capacity at around 500 tons per day, whereas within the next few weeks the capacity will be brought up to 1,000 tons daily.

Sudbury Basin Mines is considered to be in line for profits from its holdings in La Luz Mines sufficient to assure substantial dividends in the near future. Profit on shares held in La Luz promise to give Sudbury Basin an income equal to at least 10 cents per share on its own issued shares.

International Nickel Mines is selling under contract some 80 per cent of the copper production from the company's mines at Sudbury. The remaining 20 per cent is being consumed in Canada.

The price of nickel throughout 1940 has remained unchanged. The price of the metal has remained unchanged since 1926, thereby contributing to remarkable stability. More nickel was sold during 1940 by International Nickel Company of Canada than during any preceding year in the life of the industry.

"Since the outbreak of war there have been no exports of any of the company's nickel, copper or platinum metals to any destination outside the British Empire without sanction by the Canadian and British governments." So said Robert C. Stanley, chairman and president of International Nickel Company.

Canada's mineral production which was valued at \$474,600,000 in 1939 has risen to well over \$500,000,000 in 1940. If tax collectors would avoid bottlenecks at the mouth of every shaft, the industry could be geared to \$600,000,000 for 1941.

When the first Great War broke out, the Canadian mining industry was considered to be important. Yet, in a survey of the records it is noted that during 1915 the total output of minerals in the dominion was just \$137,000,000. The fourfold increase which has taken place in a period of just twenty-five years is of incalculable significance.



MAYBE HE'LL TURN OUT TO BE A JANITOR!

And They're Just Starting Now

(Continued from page 9)

gear Canada for war is important. He rarely makes speeches of any kind. He has been looking at politics for a long time. He has made a fortune in timber in British Columbia and in exporting it to any place in the world that would buy it. He is a quiet-spoken man who gives the impression of gentleness. But he is tough, hard-headed and able. What he thinks of the war effort to date has meaning.

In Toronto Mr. MacMillan spoke to the Canadian Club. There is no text. His secretary says he never prepares a speech, except for short notes. From the newspapers here is what he said. In view of his new post it is of the highest significance: "We don't know what the word 'fight' means yet. We think it means coasting."

"Amateurs cannot defeat professionals at war, and Canadians are still amateurs. The people must work and fight and save and sacrifice and study the enemy's methods and then go out and defeat him."

"Most of the warfare thus far has been conducted by British production."

"We haven't caught the war spirit. We haven't made it a personal war, and it must be. The safety of the

Commonwealth might turn upon Canada's capacity to produce munitions and food for the British Isles."

"On a per capita basis of comparison with Great Britain's war effort, Canada could put 550,000 men in uniform, 1,400,000 men in munitions plants, and spend \$12,000,000 a day."

"This is a war where it is equally important for the civilian as well as the soldier to 'go over the top'."

Mr. MacMillan is a man who thinks and talks for himself. He is in the Ottawa picture because he believes everything is in the pot now. One supposes on the basis of his past public record, that here is a man who is prepared to step into greater responsibility and who would not hesitate to take his case to the public if he found it necessary.

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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The cyclical or major direction of New York stock prices was last confirmed as downward. The short-term movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

WAR'S INFLUENCE ON MARKET

Since war commenced in 1939, the American stock market has geared its shorter term swings quite closely to this influence. First came the September, 1939, uprush in prices in anticipation of heavy foreign purchases. Then came the sharp decline in May, 1940, as German military successes on the continent upset the general expectancy as to the impregnability of the Maginot line. Germany's succeeding inability to invade Britain, despite Hitler's promise to this effect, furnished the background, in turn, for the June to November rise.

NEW NOTE OF CONCERN

Since November a new note of concern has crept into the foreign picture. This has to do, first with the rate at which British shipping losses have recently been climbing, second with belief that Hitler is yet to make an "all-out" attack on the British Isles and that such attack is coming in the spring. In the face of these considerations, along with some uncertainty as to American tax rates in 1941, the market has been showing a declining tendency, despite British and Greek successes against the southern partner of the Axis line-up.

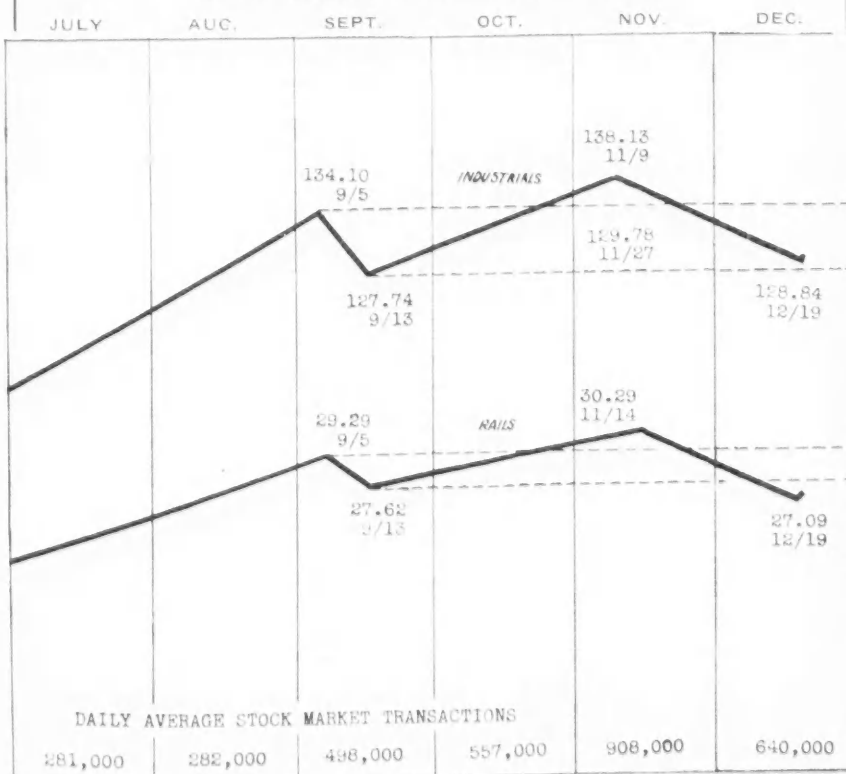
CONSIDERATIONS WHICH FAVOR BRITAIN

Britain's shipping losses, while serious, are not regarded as critical in the light of existing and planned tonnage, and in view of some anticipated reduction when those British naval forces, temporarily diverted to the Mediterranean, are returned to North Atlantic duty. The assumed spring attack on the Islands is less subject to analysis. For one thing, there is possibility of famine and plague in continental Europe over the winter, with its toll on Germany. Again, the RAF must not be overlooked in its demonstrated ability to wreak havoc on German preparatory concentrations, or to defend the air above England. Finally, there is the "big ditch," as Napoleon disgustedly referred to the English Channel, which he failed to negotiate, and there is the British Navy.

CURRENT WEAKNESS CORRECTIONAL?

Market declines necessarily occur under pessimistic news background. (Barring defeat of Britain, which we do not believe likely, it is our assumption that the market in its current weakness is correcting the May-November advance and laying the base for later recovery.) From a technical angle, normal limits to the current irregularity are 128-121 on the Dow-Jones Industrial average, 27-25 on the rail average; abnormal limits, a return to the May lows for a double bottom.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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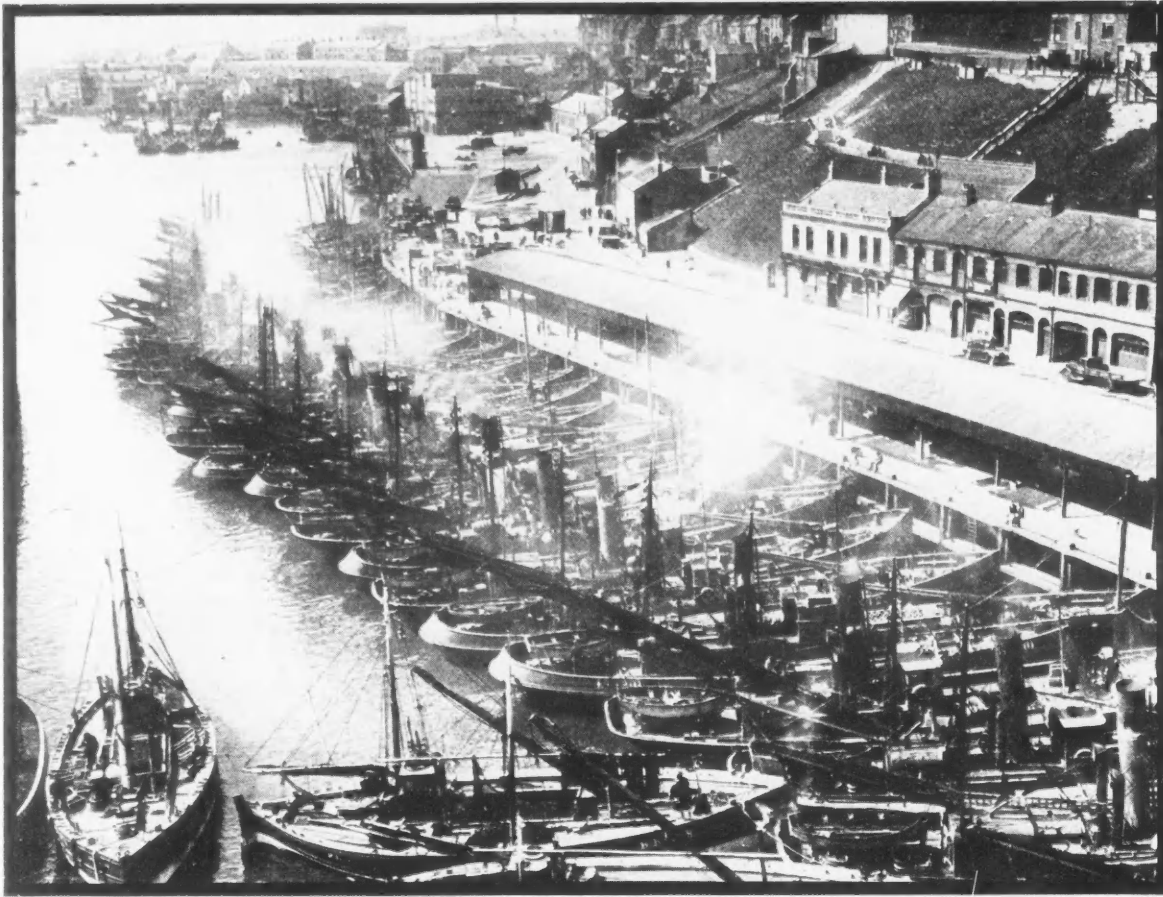
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Now, in wartime, theirs is a grimmer job, for to them falls dangerous minesweeping duties.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Importance of Insurance in Our Way of Life

BY GEORGE GILBERT

IN ORDER to understand the great role which insurance plays in our national economy, it is only necessary to consider what would happen if insurance did not exist. Looking back to the period when insurance was practically non-existent, we find that the merchants and tradesmen of the day enjoyed a very limited credit, for the money-lenders did not have a reliable security for loans, in the absence of protection against loss of merchandise by fire or marine perils.

Mercantile operations were then carried on almost exclusively by men of wealth, and were pursued in spirit of extreme caution. The merchant would have to be careful to see that his stocks of goods were distributed in various warehouses so as to avoid the possibility of a total loss by one fire, with its accompaniment of ruin to him, while the retailer, who in those times invariably lived over his shop, would have to take precautions against fire and guard his property with a vigilance almost unknown nowadays.

Of course, the world is old enough to have learned that certain happenings, calamities, and visitations are of frequent occurrence, and come so regularly that they seem to be governed by some law, although no one can foretell when or where the misfortune may appear or who will be the sufferer. Fires, accidents, storms, deaths all occur, often when least expected, and insurance constitutes the only means we have yet been able to devise for anticipating and minimizing the losses which so frequently take place inopportunely.

Thus the earlier insurance companies came into existence as a result of sad experience. Men began to perceive that spasmodic charity did not make satisfactory provision for losses sustained. Merchants had to venture valuable cargoes in ships at sea, and there was no means of replacing the loss if the vessels were lost or wrecked. Warehouses containing merchandise were liable to be burned, and cold business men were not in the habit of displaying the charitable instincts towards their competitors which members of a rural community would show towards an unfortunate neighbor.

Then the custom originated of establishing a fund, to which all who

To such an extent has insurance become a part of our everyday life that we are inclined to take it largely for granted and to give little thought to the essential part it plays in the country's economy.

Under our system, commercial and industrial activities are based upon free competition and restriction of monopoly.

Through insurance small competing units enjoy the same facilities as large industries. By transferring insurable hazards to underwriters they can give undivided attention to actual management and operation.

were to, benefit contributed, out of which compensation in money was provided if a ship were wrecked or lost during a voyage, or out of which the loss was made good to a merchant if his warehouse and merchandise should be burned. It was not any kindly feeling for their fellow business men that caused the merchants to combine in this way for the purpose of furnishing insurance, but only a selfish desire to protect their own interests and avoid losses which they knew were as likely to fall on themselves as their competitors.

Although insurance is an excellent institution whose basis is truly philanthropic, it came into being as the result of selfish forethought. Yet the principle of mutual help is nevertheless at the foundation of all forms of insurance, as it is impossible to get away from the fact that those fortunate ones who have no fires and no accidents, or who live to the limit of life, must pay a great proportion of the claims made on behalf of the unfortunates.

Scientific Premium

But, of course, when the premiums are being paid no one can tell who the next beneficiary will be, and from that viewpoint all share alike. It is true, too, that this mutual help is now conducted in such a manner that each person insured pays in advance the sum which is scientifically calculated to cover the risk assumed.

In this connection it has been aptly said: "Surely the virtue of making ample and suitable insurance provision is just as admirable as the virtue of charity and helpfulness; indeed, the independent spirit fostered thereby is of more value to the nation now and to future generations than any cultivation of maudlin sympathy.

In other words, there is no virtue in making poverty in order that there may be an opportunity of relieving it; and 10 per cent of intelligent prevention through insurance is worth 90 per cent of charitable cure."

Under the protection afforded by insurance it is possible for persons of ordinary means to engage in many enterprises which in the absence of insurance could only be undertaken by those of great wealth, if at all. The more insurance is extended the greater will be the proportion of the population eligible to take part in productive endeavors, the more people will be able to manufacture and to build, and to open up new enterprises in trade and commerce.

Insurance companies occupy the position of trustees and administrators of the premiums collected from the insured for the purpose of providing protection against certain contingencies, and, when the contingencies arise, they act as distributors of the amounts called for under their contracts. In their role as collectors, accumulators, conservators and distributors, the insurance companies take a very important part in the management of the country's economy. On the shoulders of an insurance company, therefore, rests much more responsibility than upon the shoulders of the average industrial or commercial enterprise.

Intangible Product

While insurance companies do not sell a tangible or concrete product, their operations bring about an increase in the productivity of the capital protected by insurance. In that sense insurance companies have been recognized as indirectly productive, because they either eliminate or

(Continued on Next Page)

Boom in America

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

AMERICANS are not today building dream castles of war-boom. In September 1939 the old ideas held. The Second German War would, so everybody thought, run true to 1914-18 form, and while American industry began to prepare for an inevitable rush of war orders Wall Street staged a short rehearsal of the sort of show it confidently expected to put on, in full-dress and running for the full three acts, quite soon.

But the occasion did not arrive. The Allies sent a Purchasing Commission, but it confined its purchasing to a very restricted range. The level of industrial activity generally was scarcely affected. Later on there was a distinct stimulus to certain branches of heavy industry, but meanwhile it had become apparent that the war, while by no means phoney to the peoples of Europe, was showing the original conceptions of the "boom merchants" to be phoney indeed.

So far from boom, there were growing difficulties for the primary producers, and it appeared that a deflationary movement of vast scope, and equally vast potentiality for doing harm to the American economy, was beginning. Wall Street hung its head.

But no war ever yet was fought, or ever will be, which does not touch off the inflationary powder trail, and by the time that the French had discovered the profundity of the difference between this war and the last, and had bowed themselves to it, there was a perceptible recovery in industrial activity in the U.S.

The steel mills were fully employed, there was a program for extending the capacity of the aero works, and the effects of this specialized production increase were beginning to be reflected in other departments. The movement continued, and when the Presidential election campaign began it discovered a background far removed from the industrial despondence of the bitter winter of 1939-40.

Boom Prospects

Now, with Roosevelt firmly in his third saddle, it is more opportune to talk of boom prospects than it was at the beginning of the war. And this is not solely due to the greatly increased program of aid to the Allies, but also because it has become apparent that the real danger to America herself dictates a need for very prompt and thorough rearming. So far, indeed, the best prospects of a rapid return of prosperity depend, not so much on actual arms work done, but on the preparation for their doing. The United States is starting on a capital construction program which bids fair to outdo enormously anything seen before, even in the momentous days of the "one-apiece" automobile drive.

In conditions of full employment

such a prospect would conjure up the vision of inflation on so great a scale as to intimidate even the hardened bulls, who need a good deal to make them see beyond their noses. But in the United States there exists a very large reserve of resources unemployed, in men and in money, and it will take much time, however intense the process of recovery becomes, before it leads from the relatively innocuous path of reflation into the really dangerous one of boom-inflation.

So far there is no evidence of any expansion in production of war materials sufficient to indicate this possibility. It is true—and it is not generally realized outside America—that employment on capital goods (or, more properly, durable goods) still has much leeway to make up before it approaches that on non-durable goods. And it is the former category which has been feeling the rearmament drive and which is normally expected to confer the buoyancy to the non-durable category only after a time lag.

Not Unhealthy — Yet

There is, then, nothing unhealthy about the present upward movement of American production. But if we are to look beyond the 12-month prospect there is no denying that the possibility of real boom is there. Britain's program of buying will be inexhaustible until she has won the war. She may not have unlimited dollar resources, but, equally, the United States may not allow the Johnston Act to stand in the way of a democratic victory.

And President Roosevelt is not planning the United States' own preparation on any niggardly scale. There will be all the work that America's heavy industry can do ready waiting for it, and there will be enough over to bring an insistent emphasis upon the need for large and rapid expansions in capacity.

Meanwhile, the United States' financial position has an important bearing on the future development of affairs. Since the depression lifted, bank deposits have grown at a surprising rate, until now the public has nearly twice as much on demand as in 1929, while the banks have twice the volume of the reserves ordered by a law which was generally complained of for its strictness.

Here is the barrel of powder towards which the trail of inflationary arms-making—together with the psychology that it always induces, the urge to spend—may lead. It is this danger which is persuading some independent observers to incline to the view that nothing short of a war economy, in the sense of the institution of strict war controls such as we have in Britain, will enable America at once to implement to the full her vast industrial program and to do so with a minimum of danger from inflation of a thorough going sort.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

(Continued from Preceding Page)

minimized many of the risks in the economic process.

By means of insurance many enterprises are able to look into the future with confidence and tranquility, and can operate safely in the knowledge that, no matter what may happen, their property is protected. The resulting effects are advantageous all round, and the economic welfare of the nation is promoted. There is no doubt that property insurance in all its varied forms has furthered the spirit of enterprise and promoted the production of goods on a wider basis.

Then, by means of life insurance, families are not only protected

against a lowering of their social level, but are often enabled to climb to a higher level. In Canada and the United States, more than in other parts of the world, a man believes it to be his duty to insure his life in favor of his wife and family.

Insurance as a means of preserving capital and income thus affects practically every part of the country's economy. The entire process of commercial undertakings is more or less regulated by insurance. Insurance is not only a vitally important element in capitalistic economies, but it would appear to be just as important in socialistic economies. Insurance in all forms exists in Soviet Russia,

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

I am quite aware that foreign companies maintain deposits with the Dominion Government which, as I understand it, are used for the purpose of re-insuring business in case of failure of the insurance company. I believe that this amount is not used to pay outstanding claims. Please inform me if this is correct.

Recently I examined an abstract of insurance of companies doing business in Canada and I find that in some cases their deposits with the Dominion Government consists of bonds of country or of province or city of that country which is now under German occupation. It would seem to me that it is difficult to set a value upon these bonds. Does the Insurance Department still accept them at present war values or does it require these companies to furnish additional security?

I ask all these questions because I may have the opportunity to represent a foreign company and I wonder if it will be advisable to do this. I would appreciate your early reply to these questions.

—M. K. M., Halifax, N.S.

Before a foreign insurance company can obtain or retain a certificate of Dominion registry, it must comply with the requirements of the Foreign Insurance Companies Act as to reserves, solvency and deposits. These requirements are well designed to preserve the solvency of their business in Canada at all times whatever may happen to their business elsewhere, and to prevent companies which are insolvent or in a weak financial condition from commencing or continuing to transact the business of insurance in this country.

Besides the amount which they must maintain as a deposit with the Government, which is more than ample to reinsure the business in Canada with other registered insurers if it becomes necessary to do so, they are also required to maintain assets in Canada in excess of their total liabilities in Canada, including outstanding losses and all other debts. In the case of the winding up of an insolvent company's affairs in Canada, all its Canadian assets, including its deposit, would be used to pay its debts in Canada under court direction, including unpaid losses and unearned premiums due policyholders, but in the case of the reinsurance of the Canadian business of an insolvent foreign company, the Government deposit would be de-

voted first to the payment of the re-insurance premium, while the balance, if any, remaining after the re-insurance premium was paid, would be available for the payment of outstanding losses and other Canadian debts of the company.

Securities on deposit are taken at their market value, and should their market value decline below the value required to comply with the deposit provisions of the law, the deficiency must be made good by the deposit of additional securities. Policyholders in Canada of foreign companies operating under Dominion registry are accordingly well protected.

Editor, About Insurance:

I would be interested in knowing the financial position of the Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association and why they can offer certain features that are not ordinarily available.

—N. R. H., Watford, Ont.

Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association of Omaha, Nebraska, with Canadian head office at Toronto, commenced business in 1910, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since December 11, 1934. It is regularly licensed in this country and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$502,500 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

It has achieved rapid and substantial growth through liberalization of policy conditions and extension of coverage beyond the usual limits while keeping the rates low for the benefits offered. Of course, it is not a stock company but a mutual benefit association, and it reserves the right to assess policyholders if the rates charged are not adequate, but so far no assessments have been made, and in view of its present financial position this assessment liability may be regarded as a remote one.

At the end of 1939 its total assets in Canada were \$474,666.58, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$253,488.44, showing a surplus here of \$221,178.14. Its total assets were \$9,700,292, while its total liabilities, including a reserve of \$1,000,000 for contingencies, amounted to \$8,096,187, showing a surplus of \$704,105 over unearned premium reserves, reserve for contingencies, and all liabilities.

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you give me any information respecting the Supreme Circle of the Order of Canadian Home Circles? Is it still in existence or was it taken over by another company and if so, by whom? Any help you can give me in this respect will be much appreciated.

E. A. R., Toronto, Ont.

The contracts of the Order of Canadian Home Circles, a fraternal society which had its head office in the Confederation Life Building, Toronto, for many years, were reinsured by the Independent Order of Foresters, Toronto, as of August 31, 1926, and the certificate of incorporation of the Home Circles was duly surrendered.



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As the Year Ends

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Metaxas of Greece

BY GEORGE SCOPELOS

Soldier, statesman, author, exile, that's Greece's Dictator, Metaxas. Marked from the start as a brilliant soldier, he was offered a commission in the German army but refused because he said, "In Germany there are many Metaxas. In Greece only one."

This sincere Greek patriot is a sample of what Howard Brubaker of the "New Yorker" had in mind when he cracked "There are several things wrong with Europe and one is that there aren't enough Greeks to go around."

SOLDIER, statesman, author, exile these are only some of the phases in the life of General Metaxas, Premier and leader of modern Greece in the most epic moment of her history. He has crowded into his 69 years more personal achievement, more risk and more adventure, than any other statesman in the Balkans.

The island on which tradition says the Greek idol, Ulysses, was born, is proud to number Metaxas among her famous sons. His family were an old aristocratic house, many of whom had been a power in the land of the Hellenes and his early days were spent among the pleasant valleys of his Ithacan home, where the blue Mediterranean ran at his doorstep. Coming to the famous Greek Military College of Evelpides at 18 he distinguished himself in the engineering course, and he was destined to make this branch of the army his career, while he was in the service.

In 1899 his superior officers saw in him the makings of a good soldier and sent him for four years to Berlin where he took service as Lieut. Engineer in the Academy of War. His proficiency at a school, renowned for its pupils, was so marked that the Germans offered him a commission in the army. His reply showed some of the dignity which is attached to his person and also, perhaps, gave an inkling of a trace of haughtiness, with which he has withstood his enemies since.

"In Germany there are many Metaxas," he said. "In Greece, only one."

Previous to his German stay Lt. Metaxas had taken part in the disastrous war against Turkey in 1897 as a young officer attached to the Staff in Thessaly. When Veniselos, the celebrated Cretan lawyer arrived in Greece to try his hand at politics Metaxas had just returned from Berlin carrying with him the reputation of a first-class staff officer.

An Aide-de-Camp

When Veniselos succeeded in becoming Minister of War, as he soon did, he called upon young Metaxas to be his aide-de-camp and military counselor. It was Metaxas who concluded for Veniselos the military part at Sofia, as a result of which the great strategic port of Salonika came into Greek hands a few years later through the successful collaboration of the Greek-Bulgarian armies against the Turks in the First Balkan War.

At the end of the First Balkan War, Metaxas who had considerably distinguished himself in action, was given his second important diplomatic job. He was sent as military representative of his country to the London Conference in 1912. He returned to Greece with the rank of Colonel to take part in the Second Balkan War.

In 1915 Metaxas was appointed Chief-of-Staff of the Greek Army. It was a time of considerable anxiety for Greece and this appointment was considered as likely to entail more than the normal responsibilities. The Great War was raging and while the Kaiser on one side threatened his brother-in-law, King Constantine, with the utter destruction of Greece if she took the part of the Allies, the Allies on the other side were doing all in their power to cajole or force Constantine away from the German orbit, to which he was believed to be so obstinately attached.

Despite the fierce fulminations of the Allies at the time against Con-

stantine for staying neutral, it is now an acknowledged fact that he consented to join the Allies in the attack on the Dardanelles provided a scheme of attack worked out by Metaxas should be adopted. Both men maintained that with their local knowledge of the proposed field of action and their experience against Turkish troops, the plan they put forward was the only one with a hope of success. Had their plan not been rejected, it is possible in view of the disaster which actually took place that thousands of British lives would have been spared and the Great War shortened by several years.

Greece Stays Neutral

As a result Constantine kept Greece neutral. Metaxas had now fallen foul of Veniselos, his old master, who was creating a militant pro-Ally party in Greece. In 1916 matters came to a crisis in Greece. Veniselos had brought the country to the verge of civil war. The only obstacles to Greece taking a part in the Great War were said to be the Royal Family and the Chief-of-Staff.

The Allies issued an ultimatum that either King Constantine must abdicate or the combined Fleets would bombard Athens. Constantine decided to abdicate. Metaxas followed his king into exile.

When Constantine was recalled to the Greek throne in 1920, Metaxas also returned. The returned Chief-of-Staff refused to accept his old position in the Army and for the first time actually entered politics as leader of the liberal party, the royalist party of Greece.

Constantine as the helpless scapegoat for the Asia Minor disaster was again forced into exile, but this time Metaxas remained and did his best to support the young King George, the present King, in that terrible year of struggle and confusion before he, too, was driven into exile. For the second time in his life Metaxas was forced to flee his country as a fugitive accused for supporting the Royal House and of being a counter-revolutionary. Had he remained he would certainly have been shot like many other unhappy Royalists.

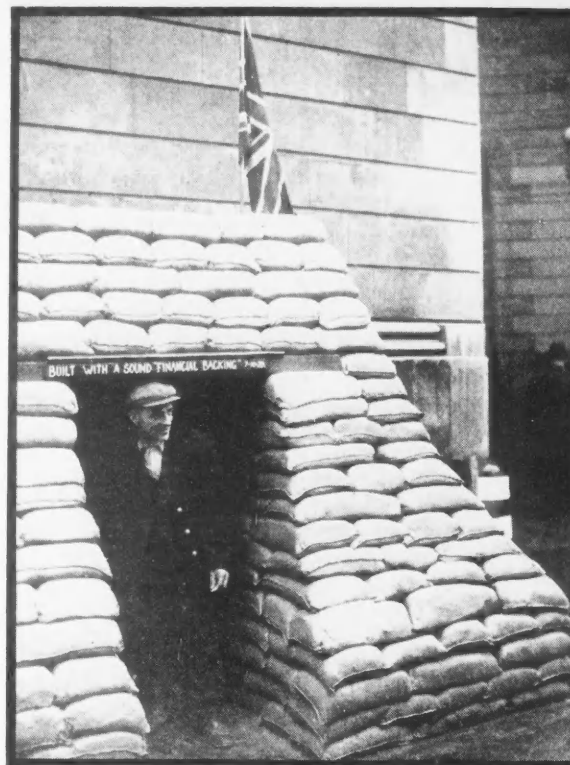
Later, however, he returned to Greece, and became the bitter opponent of the aging Veniselos, defeating the Government on more than one occasion.

General Metaxas has always remained staunch to his Royalist convictions and when the period of unrest in Greece came to an end, he was instrumental with Condylis in securing the return of King George in November, 1935. Condylis died soon after the restoration and that left Metaxas as the obvious leader of the Greek people.

Since then the King and Premier have worked unceasingly to erect in modern Greece a state worthy of its ancient traditions.

General Metaxas is the author of several technical and political books, well-known in Greece. His book, "The Engineer's Service in War," has aroused considerable interest in many countries and was adopted as the text-book on the subject by the Greek military authorities.

The General has always been willing to learn but for the greater glory of Greece, not Germany. His critics of recent years have complained that his dictatorship has many analogies with Fascism, especially in the name of his regime, "The Third Greek Civilization" the first two being ancient Greece and the Byzantine Empire.



English quips are often lost on this side of the ocean. These pass muster. The sand bags are before the Bank of England.



Hitler in the dog house. This Ramsgate publican has hit upon a novel idea for discouraging careless chatters who might give information to the enemy.



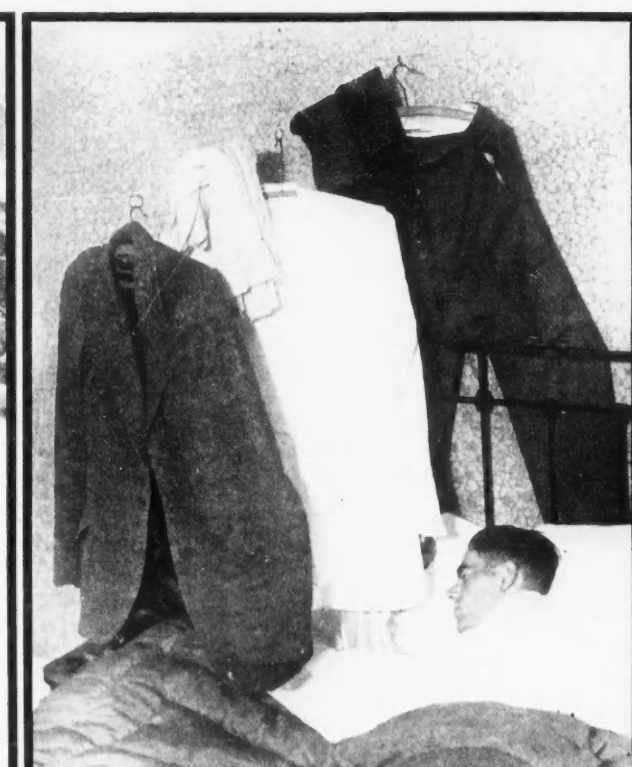
At the close of the cider making season, this Gloucestershire farmer marked a barrel "Special" and put it away to be drunk Victory day.



Just an air raid shelter isn't enough protection for this man. He feels safer with these good luck tokens nailed or suspended up over the entrance.



"You can't keep a good man down". This workman has found a new occupation, the novel and necessary one of blacking out people's windows.



Up at any and all times to duck bombs, this Londoner has hit upon his own system for getting dressed and out of the house in a twinkling.